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Damon and Pithias. 1571.
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Damon and Pithias

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Date of Original (*presumedly there was an earlier edition*), 1571

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

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Damon and Pithias

By RICHARD EDWARDS

Licensed 1568

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Damon and Pithias

1571

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMVIII

Damon and Pithias

By RICHARD EDWARDS

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum, the press-mark being C. 34, c. 30. *From the title-page of this copy, which is dated* 1571, *it would appear that it is not the first edition; if so, no copies of an earlier impression are known to be extant. A reprint appeared in* 1582, *and since then the play has been frequently re-issued in modern times.*

It is uncertain when "Damon and Pithias" was first produced; some authorities are inclined to regard it as identical with the tragedy by Edwards which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Richmond by the children of the chapel in 1564-5, *and of course it must have been written before* 1566, *when Edwards died: it appears to have been licensed to the printer in* 1568.

Richard Edwards, who wrote this and other plays not now extant, was born in Somersetshire about the year 1523, *and died, as already stated, in* 1566. *"The Dictionary of National Biography" narrates all that is known of him.*

Besides "Damon and Pithias" and "Palamon and Arcyte" (in two parts), Edwards was also the compiler of a very popular anthology—"The Paradise of Dainty Devices."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, has compared this facsimile with the

original copy, and reports the workmanship (with one exception) as "excellent." Special points of information and criticism are as follows :—

(1) *Title-page, the darkening at the bottom right-hand corner very much exaggerates one or two slight stains in original.*

(2) *B. ii.* verso, *line* 6, *the script is in red ink in the original.*

(3) *B. iv.* verso, *line* 14, *the mark to the left of the catch-name* "ARISTIPPVS" *does not appear in the original.*

(4) **C. ij.** verso, *line* 7, *the correcting stroke reversing the order of* "furca" *and* "expellas" *is in red ink. The stroke over the last* "a" *in* "Natura" *has also been inkea over in red.*

(5) **C. iij.** recto, *line* 1, "An . . . manus" *is underlined in pencil, and* "omitted" *is pencilled against the line in the right-hand margin.*

(6) **C. iij.** recto, *lines* 9 *and* 10, *the corrections between these two lines are in red ink.*

(7) **C. iij.** recto, *the script in the bottom right-hand corner is in red ink.*

(8) **C. iij.** verso, *lines* 5 *and* 6, *the bracket is in red ink.*

(9) *E. iv.* recto, *at the foot of this page is lightly pencilled* "Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res Hor".

(10) *F. iv.* verso, *line* 16, *the blot at commencement of line is not in the original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

The excellent Comedie of two the moſte faithfulleſt *Freendes, Damon and Pithias.*

Newly Imprinted, as the ſame was ſhewed before the Quenes Maieſtie, by the Children of her Graces Chappell, except the Prologue that is ſomewhat altered for the proper vſe of them that hereafter ſhall haue occaſion to plaie it, either in Priuate, or open Audience. Made by Maiſter Edwards, then beynge Maiſter of the Children.

1571.

Imprinted at London in Fleetelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop, ioyning to the Southweſt doore of Paules Churche.

THE PROLOGVE.

NEuerie ſyde, wheras I glaunce my rouyng eye,
Silence in all cares bent I playnly do eſpie:
But if your egre lookes doo longe ſuche toyes to ſee,
As heretofore in comongrall wiſe, were wont abroade to bee:
Your luſt is loſt, and all the pleaſures that you ſought,
Is fruſtrate quite of toying Playes. A ſodein change is wrought.
For loe, our Authors Muſe, that maſked in delight,
Hath forſt his Penne agaynſt his kinde, no more ſuche ſportes to write.
Muſe he that luſt, (right worſhipfull) for chaunce hath made this change,
For that to ſome he ſeemed too muche, in yonge deſires to range:
In whiche, right glad to pleaſe: ſeyng that he did offende,
Of all he humblie pardon craues: his Pen that ſhall amende:
And yet (worſwipfull Audience,) thus much I dare aduouche.
In Commedies, the greateſt Skyll is this, rightly to touche
All thynges to the quicke: and eke to frame eche perſon ſo,
That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know:
A Royſter ought not preache, that were to ſtraunge to heare,
But as from vertue he doth ſwerue, ſo ought his wordes appeare:
The olde man is ſober, the yonge man raſhe, the Louer triumphyng in toyes,
The Mirron graue, the Harlot wilde and full of wanton toyes.
Why the all in one courſe they no wiſe doo agree:
So correſpondent to their kinde their ſpeeches ought to bee.
Which ſpeeches well pronounſte, with action lively framed,
If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath our Author taught at Schole, from whom he doth not ſwarue,
In all ſuche kinde of exerciſe decorum to obſerue,
Thus much for his defence (he ſayth) as Poetes earſt haue donne,
Which heretofore in Commodies the ſelfe ſame raſe did ronne:
But now for to be briefe, the matter to expreſſe,
Which here wee ſhall preſent: is this Damon and Pithias,
A rare enſample of Frendſhip true, it is no Legend lie,
But a thinge once donne in deede as Hiſtories doo diſcrie,
Whiche doone of yore in longe time paſt, yet preſent ſhalbe here,
Euen as it were in doynge now, ſo lively it ſhall appeare:
Lo here in Siracuſæ thauncient Towne, which once the Romaines wonne,
Here Dionyſius Pallace, within whoſe Courte this thing moſt ſtrange was donne,
Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a iuſt name to applie,
As ſeemes moſt fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie,
Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo protеſt this flat,
Wee talke of Dionyſius Courte, wee meane no Court but that,
And that wee doo ſo meane, who wiſely calleth to minde,

The Prologue.

The time, the place, the Authours here moſt plainely ſhall it finde,
Loe this I ſpeake for our defence, leſt of others wee ſhould be ſhent:
But worthy Audience, wee you pray, take thinges as they be ment,
Whole vpright Judgement wee doo craue, with heedefull eare and Eye,
To here the cauſe, and ſee the effect of this newe Tragicall Commedie.

EXIT.

The Speakers names.

Ariſtippus, a pleaſant Gentilman.
Cariſophus, a Paraſite.
Damon, } two gentlemen of Greece.
Pithias, }
Stephano, ſeruant to Damon and Pithias.
WILL, Ariſtippus lackey.
Iacke, Cariſophus lackey.
Snap, the Porter.
Dionitus, the King.
Eubulos, the Kynges counſelour.
Gronno, the Hangman.
Grimme, the Colyer.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

TOO ſtrange (perhaps) it ſéemes to ſome,
That I Ariſtippus, a Courtier am become:
A Philoſopher of late, not of the meaniſt name,
But now to the Courtly behauiour my lyfe I frame,
Muſe he that lyſt, to you of good ſkill,
I ſay that I am a Philoſopher ſtyll:
Louers of Wiſdom, are termed Philoſophie,
Then who is a Philoſopher ſo rightly as I?
For in louyng of wiſdom, proofe doth this trie,
That Fruſtra ſapit, qui non ſapit ſibi:
I am wyſe for my ſelfe, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great Wiſdom as the world goth?
Some Philoſophers in the ſtréete go ragged and torne,
And fédes on vyle Rootes, whom Boyes laugh to ſcorne:
But I in fine Silkes haunt Dionyſius Pallace,
Wherin with dayntie fare my ſelfe I do ſolace:
I can talke of Philoſophie as well as the beſt,
But the ſtrayte kynde of lyfe I leaue to the reſt:
And I profeſſe now the Courtly Philoſophie,
To crouche, to ſpeake fayre, my ſelfe I applie,
To fede the Kinges humour with pleaſant deuiſes,
For whiche I am called Regius Canis:
But wot ye who named me firſt the Kinges Dogge?
It was the Roage Diogenes that vile granting Hogge:
Let him rolle in his Tubbe to winne a vayne prayſe,
In the Courte pleaſantly I wyll ſpende all my dayes:
Wherin what to do, I am not to learne,
What wyll ſerue myne owne turne I can quickly diſcearne:
All my tyme at Schoole I haue not ſpent vaynly,
I can helpe one, is not that a good point of Philoſophy?

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

I beſhrew your fine eares, ſince you came from Schoole,
In the Court you haue made many a wiſeman a fole:
And though you paint out your fayned Philoſophie,
So God helpe me, it is but a playne kinde of flattery:
Whiche you vſe ſo finely in ſo pleaſant a ſorte,
That none but Ariſtippus, now makes the Kinge ſporte,
Ere you came hyther, proue I was ſombody,
The Kinge delighted in mée, now I am but a nobody.

ARISTIPPVS.

In faith Cariſophus, you know your ſelfe beſt,

But I will not call you noddie, but only in ieſt,
And thus I aſſure you, though I came from ſchole,
To ſerue in this Court, I came not yet to be the Kinges fole,
Or to fill his eares with ſeruile ſquirilitie,
That office is yours, you know it right perfectlie,
Of Paraſites and Sicophants you are a graue bencher,
The Kinge feedes you often from his owne trencher,
I enuye not your ſtate, nor yet your great fauour,
Then grudge not at all, if in my behauiour:
I make the Kinge mery, with pleaſant vrbanitie,
Whom I neuer abuſed to any mans iniurie.

CARISOPHVS.

Be cocke ſir, yet in the Courte you do beſt thriue,
For you get more in on day then I do in fiue.

ARISTIPPVS.

Why man in the Courte, do you not ſee,
Rewardes geuen for vertue, to euery degree?
To reuarde the vnworthy that worlde is done,
The Courte is changed, a good thread hath bin ſponne
Of Dogges woll heretofore, and why? becauſe it was liked,
And not for that it was beſt trimmed and picked:
But now mens eares are finer, ſuch groſſe toyes are not ſet by,
Therfore to a trimmer kynde of myrth my ſelfe I applye,
Wherin though I pleaſe, it commeth not of my deſert,
But of the Kinges fauour.

CARISOPHVS.

It may ſo be, yet in your proſperitie,
Diſpiſe not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he,
Which hath longe time fed Dionisius humor:
Diligently to pleaſe, ſtyll at hand, there was neuer rumor,
Spread in this towne of any finale thinge, but I
Brought it to the Kinge in poſt by and by,
Yet now I craue your friendſhip, which if I may attayne,
Moſt ſure and vnfained friendſhip I promyſe you againe:
So we two linckt in friendſhippe brother and brother,
Full well in the Courte may helpe one another.

ARISTIPPVS.

Sir Lady Carisophus, though you know not Philoſophie,
Yet ſurely you are a better Courtier then I,
And yet I not ſo eagll a courtier that wyll ſeeme to diſpiſe,
Such an old courtier as you ſo expert and ſo wyſe,
But where as you craue myne I offer your friendſhip ſo willingly,
With hart I geue you thankes for this your great curteſie;

A ſu-

Aſſuring of friendſhip both with toth and nayle,
Whiles life laſteth neuer to fayle.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ A thouſand thankes I geue you, oh friend Ariſtippus

ARISTIPPVS.

Oh friend Cariſophus.

CARISOPHVS.

How ioyfull am I ſith I haue to friend Ariſtippus now?

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ None ſo glad of Cariſophus friendſhip as I, I make God a vowe,
I ſpeake as I thinke, beleue me.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Sith we are now ſo friendly ioyned, it ſéemeth to mée,
That one of vs helpeeche other in euery degrée,
Prefer you my cauſe when you are in preſence,
To further your matters to the King e let me alone in your abſence.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Friend Cariſophus, this ſhall be done as you would wiſh,
But I pray you tell mée, thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place wyll you take your iournay?

CARISOPHVS

¶ I wyll not diſſemble, that were againſt Friendſhip,
I go into the Citie ſome knaues to nip:
For talke with their goodes, to encreaſe the kynges Treaſure,
In ſuch kinde of ſeruice, I ſet my chéefe pleaſure,
Farewell friend Ariſtippus now for a time, EXIT.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ A dewe friend Cariſophus: In good faith now,
Of force I muſt laugh at this ſolempne vow,
Is Ariſtippus linckt in Friendſhip with Cariſophus?
Quid cum tanto Aſino, talis Philoſophus?
They ſay, Morum ſimilitudo conſultat amicitias.
Then, how can this Friendſhip betwene vs two come to paſſe?
We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his Bowlt,
I brought vp in learnyng, but he is a very doult
As touching good Letters: but otherwiſe ſuche a craftie knaue,
If you ſéeke a whole Region, his lyke you can not haue:
A Villaine for his life, a Harlot died in Graine,
You loſe Money by him if you ſel him for one knaue, for he ſerues for twaine:
A flatteryng Paraſite, a Sicophant alſo,
A common accuſer of men: to the good, an open Foe,
Of halfe a worde, he can make a Legend of lies,

Which he wyll auouch with ſuch tragicall cryes,
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.
Where in dede to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one talé but twyſe he muſt lie,
He ſpareth no mans life to get the kinges fauour,
In which kind of ſeruis he hath got ſuch a fauour, this line left out by D.
That he wyll neuer leaue, me thinke then that I,
Haue done very wiſely to ioyne in friendſhip with him, leſt perhaps I
Comming in his way might be nipt, for ſuch knaues in preſence,
We ſée oft times put honeſt men to ſilence:
Yet I haue played with his beard in knitting this knot,
I promiſt frendſhip, but you loue few words: I ſpake it, but I meant it not.
Who markes this frendſhip betwene vs two,
Shal iudge of the worldly friendſhip without any more a do,
It may be a ryght Patron therof, but true friendſhip in dede,
Of nought but of vertue, doth truly proſéde,
But why do I now enter into Philoſophie,
Which do profeſſe the fine kind of curteſie:
I wyll hence to the Courte with all haſte I may,
I thinke the king be ſtirring, it is now bright day,
To waite at a pinche ſtill in ſight I meane,
For wot ye what: a new Beſome ſweepes cleane,
As to hie honour I mynde not to clime,
So I meane in the courte to loſe no time:
Wherein happy man be his dole, I truſt that I,
Shall not ſpéde worſt, and that very quickly EXIT.

Here entreth DAMON and PITHIAS lyke Mariners.

O NEPTVNE, immortall be thy prayſe,
For that ſo ſafe from Grécce we haue paſt the ſeas,
To this noble citie SIRACVSAE, where we
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may ſée,
Whoſe force, Grécce alſo here tofore hath knowne,
Whoſe vertue, the ſhrill trump of fame ſo farre hath blowne.

PITHIAS.

My Damon, of right high prayſe we ought to geue,
To Neptune and all the Gods, that we ſafely ydo arryue,
The Seas I thinke with contrary winds, neuer raged ſo,
I am euen yet ſo Seaſicke, that I faynt as I go:
Therfore let vs get ſome lodging quickely:
But where is Stephano:

Here

Here entreth STEPHANO.

Not farre hence: a Pockes take theſe Maryner knaues,
Not one would healpe mée to carry this ſtuffe, ſuch dronken ſlaues
I thinke be accurſed of the Goddes owne mouthes.

DAMON.

Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter SIRACVSAE
We wil prouide lodgyng, and thou ſhalt be eaſed of thy burden by & by

STEPHANO.

Good mayſter make haſte, for I tell you playne,
This heauy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

PITHIAS.

Come on thy wayes, thou ſhalt be eaſed, and that anon. EXIT.

* Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

It is a true ſaying that oft hath bin ſpoken,
The pitcher goeth ſo longe to the water, that he commeth home broken
My owne proſe this hath taught me, for truly ſith I,
In the Citie haue vſed to walke very ſlyly,
Not with one can I méete, that will in talke ioyne with mée,
And to créepe into mens boſomes ſome talke for to ſnatche,
By which into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche
And ſo accuſe them: Now not with one can I méete,
That wyll ioyne in talke wt mée, I am ſhund lyke a Deuill in ẏ ſtréete,
My credite is crackte where I am knowne, but yet I heare ſay,
Certayne ſtraingers are arriued, they were a good pray,
If happely I might méete with them, I feare not I,
But in talke I ſhould trippe them, and that very finely,
Which thinge, I aſſure you, I do for myne owne gayne,
Or els I woulde not plodde thus vp and downe, I tell you playne:
Well, I wyll for a whyle to the Court to ſée
What Ariſtippus doth, I would be loth in fauer he ſhuld ouerrun mée,
He is a ſubtile chyld, he flattreth ſo finely, that I feare mée,
He wyll licke all the fatte from my lippes, and ſo outwery mée:
Therefore I wyll not be longe abſent, but at hand,
That al his fine drifte I may vnderſtande. EXIT.

* Here entreth VVYLL and IACKE.

I wonder what my Maſter Ariſtippus meanes now a dales,
That he leaueth Philoſophie, and ſéekes to pleaſe
Kyng Dioniſius, with ſuch mery toyes,
In Dioniſius Court now he only ioyes,
As trim a Courtier as the beſt,
Ready to aunſwer, quicke in tauntes, pleaſaunt to feſte,

A lucky companion to deuiſe with fine Dames,
Whoſe humour to feede, his wylie witte he frames.

IACKE.

Becocke as you ſay, your Maiſter is a Minion,
A foule coyle he keepes in this Courte. Ariſtippus alone
Now rules the roaſts with his pleaſant deuiſes,
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my Maiſter Cariſophus.

VVYLL.

Feare not that Iacke, for like brother and brother
They are knit in true Friendſhip the one with the other,
They are fellowes you knowe, and honeſt men both,
Therfore the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.

IACKE.

Yea, but I haue heard ſay, there is falſhod in felowſhippe,
In the Court ſomtimes, one geues another finely the ſlippe:
Which when it is ſpied, it is laught out with a ſcoffe,
And with ſporting and playing, quietly ſhaken of:
In which kinde of toying, thy maſter hath ſuch a grace,
That he wyll neuer bluſh, he hath a wodden face:
But Wyll, my maiſter hath Bees in his head,
If he finde me beare prating, I am but dead:
He is ſtyll trotting in the Citie, there is ſumwhat in the winde:
His lokes bewrayes his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therfore I wyll be packing, to the Courte by and by
If he be once angry, Iacke ſhall cry wo the pye.

VVYLL.

By Lady, if I tary longe here, of the ſame ſauce ſhall I taſte,
For my maiſter ſent me on an errand, and bad me make haſte,
Therfore we wyll departe together. EXEVNT.

Here entreth STEPHANO.

Ofte times I haue heard, before I came hether,
That no man can ſerue two maiſters together:
A ſentence ſo true, as moſte men do take it,
At any time falſe, that no man can make it:
And yet by their leaue, that firſt haue it ſpoken,
How that may proue falſe, euen here I wyll open:
For I Stephano, loe, ſo named by my father,
At this time ſerue two maſters together:
And loue them a lyke, the one and the other,
I duely obey, I can do no other,
A bondman I am ſo nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman bought me:

To him

To him I ſtand bond, yet ſerue I another,
Whom Damon my Maſter loues, as his owne brother:
A Gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with Vertue, whom vice neuer defamed:
Theſe two, ſince at Schoole they fell acquainted,
In mutuall friendſhip, at no time haue fainted:
But loued ſo kindly, and friendly eche other,
As thoughe they were Brothers by Father and Mother:
Pithagoras learnynge, theſe two haue embraſed,
Whiche bothe are in vertue ſo narrowly laced:
That all their whole doynges do fall to this iſſue,
To haue no reſpect, but onely to vertue:
All one in effecte: all one in their goynge,
All one in their ſtudy, all one in their doyng:
Theſe Gentlemen both, beyng of one condition,
Both alike of my ſeruice haue all the fruition:
Pithias is ioyfull, if Damon be pleaſed:
If Pithias be ſerued, then Damon is eaſed:
Serue one, ſerue both: ſo neare, who would win them?
I tvinke they haue but one hart betwene them:
In trauelyng Countreyes, we three haue continued,
Full many a yeare: and this day arriued
At SIRACVSAE in Sicillia that auncient Towne,
Where my Maſters are lodged: and I vp and downe,
Go ſeekyng to learne what Newes here are walkyng,
To harke of what toynges the people are talkynge.
I lyke not this Soyle: for as I go ploddynge,
I marke there two, there three their heades alwayes noddinge,
In cloſe ſecret wiſe, ſtyll whiſperyng together:
If I aſke any queſtion, no man doth anſwer:
But ſhakyng their heads, they go their wayes ſpeakynge,
I marke how with teares, their wet eyes are leakynge:
Some ſtrangeneſſe there is, that breedeth this muſinge.
Well: I wyll to my Maſters, and tell of their vſing,
That they may learne, and walke wiſely together,
I feare, we ſhall curſe the time we came hether. EXIT.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS and VVYLL.

WYll, didſt thou heare the Ladies ſo talke of mee,
What ayleth them? from their nippes ſhall I neuer be free?

VVYLL.

Godfaith Sir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainly report,
That without mencion of them, you can make no ſporte:

They

They are your Playne ſonge to ſinge Deſcant vpon,
If they weare not, your mirth were gone,
Therfore maſter, ieſt no more with women in any wiſe,
If you do, by cocke your are lyke to know the price.

ARISTIPPVS.

By lady Wyll, this is good counſell, playnely to ieſt
Of women, proſe hath taught mée it is not beſt,
I wyll change my coppy, how be it, I care not a quinche,
I know the galde horſe will ſoneſt wincye:
But learne thou ſecretly what priuely they talke
Of me in the Courte, amonge them ſlyly walke,
And bringe me true newes thereof.

VVYLL.

I wyll ſyr, maiſter therof haue no doubt, for I
Wheare they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.

ARISTIPPVS.

Do ſo my boy: if thou bringe it finely to paſſe,
For thy good ſeruice, thou ſhalt go in thine olde coate at Chriſtmas.

(EXEVNT

Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.

Stephano, is all this true that thou haſt tolde me.

STEPHANO.

Sir, for lies, hetherto ye neuer controlde mée,
Oh that we had neuer ſet foote on this land,
Where Dioniſius raygnes, with ſo blody a hande,
Euery day he sheweth ſome token of crueltie,
With blod he hath filled all the ſtrétes in the Citie:
I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring,
I lament, to ſée his moſt cruell dealyng:
I thinke there is no ſuche tyraunt vnder the Sunne,
O my deare maſters, this morning what hath he done?

DAMON.

What is that? tell vs quickly.

STEPHANO.

As I this morning paſt in the ſtréte,
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I méete,
Many people followed, and I of one ſecretly
Asked the cauſe, why he was condemned to die?
Whiſpered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,
In his ſleape he dreamed he had killed Dioniſius,
Which dreame tolde abrode was brought to the kinge in poſte,
By whome condemned for ſuſpicion, his lyfe he hath loſt:
Marcia was his name as the people ſayde,

PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

¶ My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano,
For wishyng we had not come hether, seynge it is so:
That for so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.

DAMON.

¶ My Pithias, where Tirantes raigne, suche cases are not new,
Who feareynge their owne state for great crueltie,
To sit fast as they thinke, do execute spedely,
All suche as any light suspition haue tainted.

STEPHANO.

¶ With suche quicke haruers, I lyst not be acquainted.

DAMON.

¶ So are they neuer in quiet, but in suspicion styll,
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kyll:
Euer in feare, hauyng no trustie friende, beyde of all peoples loue,
And in their owne conscience, a continuall Hell they proue.

PITHIAS.

¶ As thynges by their contraryes are alwayes best proued,
How happie are then mercifull Princes of their people beloued:
Hauyng sure friendes euerie wheare, no feare doth touch them,
They may safely spende the day pleasantly, at night
(Securè dormiunt in vtranque aurem.
Oh my Damon, if choyce were offred mée, I would chose to be Pithias
As I am, (Damons friende:) rather then to be kyng Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

¶ And good cause why: for you are entierly beloued of one,
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloued of none.

DAMON.

¶ That state is moste miserable, thrise happy are wée,
Whom true loue hath ioyned in perfect Amytie:
Which amytie first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true
Of likelines of maners, toke rote by company, & now is conserued by
Which vertue alwaies through worldly things do not frame (vertue
Yet doth she atchiue to her followers immortall fame:
Wherof if men were carefull, for vertues sake onely
They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie:
But suche as for profite in friendship do lincke,
When stormes come, they slide away soner then a man wyll thinke:
My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,
To proue no friendships sure, but that which is grounded on vertue.

PITHIAS.

¶ My Damon, of this thyng, there nedes no proofe to mée,

The Gods forbyd, but that Pithias wᵗ Damon in al things ſhuld agree
For why it is ſaid: Amicus alter ipſe,
But that true frendes ſhould be two in body: but one in minde,
As it were one transformed into another, whiche againſt kynde
Though it ſeme: yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pithias, me thinke I am Damon.

STEPHANO.

That could I neuer do, to forget my ſelfe, full well I know,
Whereſoeuer I go, that I am PAVPER STEPHANO:
But I pray you ſir, for all your Philoſophie,
See that in this Courte you walke very wiſely:
You are but newly come hether, beyng ſtraungers ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the ſtretes as ye go:
Many ſpies are abroad, you can not be to circumſpect.

DAMON.

Stephano, becauſe thou art carefull of me thy maiſter, I do the praiſe,
Yet thinke this for a certie, no ſtate to diſpleaſe:
By talke or otherwiſe, my friende and I entende, we wyll here
As men that roms to ſee the ſoyle & maners of al men of euery degree,
Pithagoras ſaid, that this worlde was like a Stage,
Wherein many play their partes: the lokers on the ſage.
Philoſophers are ſaith he, whoſe parte is to learne.
The maners of all Nations, and the good from the bad to diſcerne.

STEPHANO.

God faith ſir, concernynge the people they are not gay,
And as farre as I ſee, they be Dummers, for nought they ſay,
For the moſte parte what ſoeuer you aſke them.
The ſoyle is ſuche, that to line beare I can not lyke.

DAMON.

Thou ſpeakeſt accordynge to thy learnynge, but I ſay,
Omnis ſolum fortis patria: A wiſe man may lyue euery where:
Therfore my deare friende Pithias,
Let vs view this Towne in euerie place,
And then conſider the Peoples maners alſo.

PITHIAS.

As you wyll my Damon, but how ſay you Stephano?
Is it not beſt ere we go further, to take ſome repaſt?

STEPHANO.

In faith, I lyke well this queſtion, ſir: for all your haſte,
To eate ſomwhat I pray you, thinke it no folly,
It is hie dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON.

Then

¶ Then let vs to our lodging departe, when dinner is done,
We wyll view this Citie as we haue begonne. EXEANT.

¶ Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

¶ Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyse vp my sayle,
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine auayle:
I hunger while I may see these straungers, that lately
Arriued, I were safe if once I might mete them happily.
Let them barke that lust, at this kinde of gaine,
He is a fole that for his profit will not take payne:
Though it be ioyned with other mens hurt, I care not at all,
For profit I wyll accuse any man, hap what shall:
But soft syrs, I pray you buysh, what are they that comes here,
By their apparell, and countinaunce some strangers they appeare,
I wyll shrowde my selfe secretly, euen here for a while,
To heare all their talke that I may them beguyle.

* Here entreth DAMON and STEPHANO.

¶ A horse horse some curried, my belly warreth thinner,
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner:
Your philosophicall diet, is so fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner & supper at once, & not surfaite at all.

DAMON.

¶ Stephano, much meat breedes heauynes, thinne diet maks the light

STEPHANO.

¶ I may be lighter thereby, but I shall neuer runne the faster.

DAMON.

¶ I haue had sufficiently discourse of amitie,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias and his pleasaunt companie
Hath fully satisfied me, it doth me good to fede myne eyes on him.

STEPHANO.

¶ Course or discourse, your course is very course for all your talke,
You had but one bare course, and that was Pike, rise and walke,
And surely for all your talke of Philosophie,
I neuer heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly,
Fede your eyes (quod you) the reason from my wisdom swarueth,
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starueth.

DAMON.

¶ Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie.

STEPHANO.

¶ I care not for your craftie Sophistrie,
You two are fine, let me be fed lyke a grose knaue styll,
I pray you licence me for a while to haue my will:

At home to tary whiles you take vew of this citie,
To finde some odde victualles in a corner, I am very wittie.

DAMON.

¶ At your pleasure sir, I will wayte on my selfe this daye,
Yet attende vpon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at home,
So doyng, you wayte vpon mee also.

STEPHANO.

¶ With wynges on my feete I go.

DAMON.

¶ Not in vain the Poet saith Naturam furcâ expellas, tamen vsque recurret.
For trayne vp a bondman neuer to so good a behauiour,
Yet in some point of seruilitie, he will sauour:
As this Stephano, truckie to mée his Maister, louyng and kinde,
Yet touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:
He is to be borne withall, beyng so iust and true,
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for no new:
But mée thinkes, this is a pleasant Citie,
The Seate is good, and yet not stronge, and that is great pitie.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ I am safe, he is myne owne.

DAMON.

The Ayre subtle and fine, the people should be wittie
That dwell vnder this Climate in so pure a Region,
A trimmer Plotte I haue not séene in my peregrination:
Nothyng mislyketh mée in this Countrey,
But that I heare suche mutteryng of crueltie:
Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisius,
But thynges matters passyng our reache, pertayne not to vs.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Dionisius (quoth you) since the worlde began,
In Cicilia neuer raygned so cruell a man:
A despightfull Tirant to all men, I maruayle I,
That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.

DAMON.

¶ My friende, the Goddes forbyd so cruell a thynge:
That any man should lift vp his Sworde against the kynge:
Or séeke other meanes by death him to preuent,
Whom to rule on earth, the mightie Goddes haue sent:
But my friende, leaue off this talke of kynge Dionisius.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Why sir: he can not heare vs.

DAMON

DAMON

What then? An nescis longas Regibus esse manus?
It is no safe talkynge of them that strykes a farre off:
But leauyng kynges matters, I pray you shew mée this curtesie:
To describe in few wordes, the state of this Citie:
A trauayler I am, desirous to know
The state of eche Countrey, wher euer I go:
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience therby:
It is not for nought that the Poet doth crye,
Dic mihi Musa virum, captæ post tempora Troyæ,
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit & vrbis,
In whiche verses, as some Writers do scan,
The Poet describeth, a perfect wise man:
Euen so, I beyng a stranger, addicted to Philosophie,
To sée the state of Countreyes, my selfe I applie.

CARISOPHVS.

Sir, I lyke this entent, but may I aske your name without scorne?

DAMON.

My name is Damon, well knowen in my Countrey, a Gentleman borne.

CARISOPHVS.

You do wisely to serche the state of eche Countrie,
To beare intelligence therof whether you lust: He is a spie,
Sir, I pray you, haue patience a while, for I haue to do here by:
View this weake parte of this Citie as you stande, & I very quickly
Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I show,
The state of all this Countrie, and of the Courte also. EXIT.

DAMON.

I thanke you for your courtesie, this chaunceth well that I
Met with this Gentleman so happely,
Whiche as it séemeth, misliketh some thynge,
Els he would not talke so boldly of the kynge,
And that to a stranger, but loe were he comes in haste.

Here entreth CARISOPHVS and SNAP.

This is he felow Snap, snap him vp: away with hym.

SNAP.

God felow thou must go with mée to the Courte.

DAMON.

To the Courte sir, and why?

CARISOPHVS.

Well, we wyll dispute that before the kyng, away with hym quickly.

DAMON.

Is this the curtesie you promysed mée: and that very lately.

CARISOPHVS.

Away with him I say.

DAMON.

Vse no violence, I will go with you quietly. Exiunt omnes.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

Ah sira, by? lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius Court very well,
Whiche in passyng ioyes and plasures doth excell:
Where he hath Dapsilæ cœnas, gemalis lectis, & auro.
Fulgentii turgmani zonam,
I haue plied the harneſt, and stroke when the yron was hotte,
When I spied my time, I was not squemish to craue God wotte:
But with some pleasant tyne, I crept into the kinges bosome.
For whiche, Dionisius gaue me Aure talentum magnum,
A large rewarde, for so simple seruices,
What then? the kinges prayse standeth chiefly in bountifulneſſe:
Whiche thynge, though I tolde the kinge very pleasantly,
Yet can I proue it by good Writers of great Antiquitie:
But that shall not nede at this time, since that I haue abounndantly,
When I lacke hereafter, I will vse this poinct of Philosophie:
But now, where as I haue feit the kynges liberalytie,
As princely as it came, I will spende it as regallie:
Money is currant men say, and currant comes of currendo
Then will I make mony runne, as his nature requireth I trow,
For what becomes a Philosopher best,
But to dispise mony aboue the rest:
And yet not so dispiseit, but to haue in store
Enough to serue his owne tourne, and somwhat more,
With sondrie spoyts and tauntes, yester night I delighted the kinge,
That with his lowde laughter, the whole courte did ringe:
And I thought he laught not merier then I, when I got this money,
But mumbouget for Carisophus I espie.
In haste to come hether, I must handle the knaue finely:
Oh Carisophus, my dearest frinde, my trusty companyon,
What newes with you? where haue you bin so longe?

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

My best beloued friend Aristippus, I am come at last,
I haue not spent all my time in wast,
I haue got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

ARISTIPPVS.

What praye is that? faine would I know.

CARISOPHVS.

Such a crafty spie I haue caught, I dare say,

As neuer

As neuer was in Cicilia, before this day,
Suche a one as he wed euery weake place in the Citie,
Surueyed the Hauen, and each bulwarke, in talke very little:
And yet by some wordes, him selfe he dyd bewray.

ARISTIPPVS.

I thinke so in good faith, as you did handle him.

CARISOPHVS.

I handled him clarkly, I ioyned in talke with him courteously,
But when we were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I
Ruckt out thus much of his words, that I made him say playnely,
He was come hether to know the state of the Citie.
And not only this, but that he would vnderstande,
The state of Dionisius Courte and of the whole land.
Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to staye,
Till I had done a little businesse of the way,
Promising him to returne agayne quickly: And so did conuaye
My self to ꝑ Court for Snap ꝑ Tipstaffe, which came & vpsnatched him
Brought him to the Court and in the porters lodge dispatched him:
After I ran to Dionisius as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him which I haue you tolde:
Which thinge when he heard, beinge very mery before,
He sodenly fell in a dump, and lompyng lyke a Bore:
At last he swore in a great rage that he should die,
By the swords of the wheele, and that very shortly,
I am to shamefast for my trauell and toyle,
I craue nothinge of Dionisius but only his spoyle:
Litle hath he about him, but a few moth eaten crownes of golde.
Cha poucht them vp all ready, they are sure in hold:
And now I goe in to the Citie to say soth,
To see what he hath at his lodginge, to make vp my mouth.

ARISTIPPVS.

My Carisophus, you haue don good seruice, but what is the spiesname

CARISOPHVS.

He is called Damon, borne in Créce, from whence latly he came.

ARISTIPPVS.

By my trouth, I wyll goe see him, and speake with him to if I may.

CARISOPHVS.

Do so I pray you, but yet by the way:
As occasion serueth, commende my seruice to the Kinge.

ARIRTIPPVS.

Dictum sapienti sat est: frieno Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge,
No, I warrant you, though I say litle to your face,

I wyll:

I wyll lay one month for you to Dionisius when I am in place:
If I speake one worde for suche a knaue, hange mee. EXIT.

CARISOPHVS.

Our fine Phylolopher, our timme learned elfe,
Is gone to see as false a Spie as himselfe:
Damon smatters as well as he of crattie Phylosophie,
And can tourne Cat in the panne very prettily:
But Carisophus hath geuen him suche a mightie checke,
As I thinke in the ende wyll breake his necke:
What care I for that, why would he then prie,
And learne the secret estate of our countrey and citie?
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,
I care not who fall, so that I may rise:
As for fine Aristippus, I wyll keepe in with hym,
He is a shrewde sole to deale withall, he can swym:
And yet by my trouth, to speake my conscience playnlie,
I wyll vse his friendship to myne owne commodytie:
While Dionisius fauoureth him, Aristippus shalbe mine,
But if the kynge once frowne on him, then good night Tomaline:
He shalbe as straunge, as thoughe I neuer sawe hym before,
But I tarie to longe, I wyll prate no more:
Iacke, come awaye.

IACKE.

At hande syr.

CARISOPHVS.

At Damons lodgyng if that you see,
Any stirre to arise, be still at hand by mee,
Rather then I wyll lose the spoyle, I wyll blade it out.

* Here entreth PITHIAS and STEPHANO.

What straunge Newes are these, ah my Stephano?
Is my Damon in Bryson, as the voyce doth go?

STEPHANO.

It is true, oh cruell happe, he is taken for a Spie,
And as they say, by Dionisius owne mouth condempned to die.

PITHIAS.

To die? alas for what cause?

STEPHANO.

A Sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none,
That oh Iupiter, of all wronges the Reuenger,
Seest thou this iniustice, and wilt thou state any longer
From heauen to sende downe, thy hote consumyng fire?
To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche prouoke thy iust ire?

Alas

Alas maiſter Pithias, what ſhall we do?
Being in a ſtrange country, voyde of friendes & acquaintance to
Aboyde Stephano, haſt thou liued to ſée this daye?
To ſée thy true Maiſter vniuſtly made away?

PITHIAS.

¶ Stephano, ſaying the matter is come to this extremytie,
Let vs make Vertue our frend, of meare neceſſytie:
Runne thou to the Court and vnderſtand ſecretly,
As muche as thou canſt of Damons cauſe, and I
Will make ſome meanes to entreate Ariſtippus:
He can do much as I heare with kyng Dionilius.

STEPHANO.

¶ I am gone ſir: ah, I would to God, my trauayle and payne
Myght reſtore my Maiſter to his lybertie agayne.

PITHIAS.

¶ Ah wofull Pithias, ſith he now I am alone,
What way ſhall I firſt beginne to make my mone?
What wordes ſhall I finde apt for my complaynte,
Damon my friend, my ioy, my life is in peril, of force I muſt now faint
But oh Muſicke, as in ioyfull tunes, thy mery notes I did borow,
So now lend mée thy pernfull tunes, to vtter my ſorow.

¶ Here PITHIAS ſinges, and the Regalles play.

Awake ye wofull wightes,
That longe haue wept in woe:
Reſigne to me your plaintes and teares,
my hapleſſe hap to ſhow:
My woe no tongue can tell,
ne Pen can well deſcrie:
O what a death is this to heare,
DAMON my friende muſt die.

¶ The loſſe of worldly wealth,
mannes wiſdome may reſtore,
And Phiſicke hath prouided too,
a Salue for euerie ſore:
But my true frende once loſt,
no Arte can well ſupplie:
Then, what a death is this to heare?
DAMON my friend muſt die.

¶ My mouth refuse the foode,
that should my limmes sustayne:
Let sorow sinke in to my brest,
and ransacke every bayne:
You furies all at once,
on me your tormentes trie:
why should I liue, since that I heare:
Damon my friend should die:
¶ Gripe me you greedy greeks,
and present pangues of death,
You Systers three, with cruell handes,
with speed now stop my breath:
Shrine me in clay aliue,
some good man stop mine eye:
Oh death com now, seing I heare,
Damon my friend must die.

¶ He speaketh this after the songe.

In vaine I call for Death, whiche heareth not my complaint,
But what wisdome is this, in suche extremytie to faint?
Multum iuua in re mala animas bonus.
I wyll to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently,
I wyll neuer forsake my friende in time of miserie:
But do I see Stephano amazed hether to ronne?

¶ Here entreth S. STEPHANO.

¶ O Pithias, Pithias, we are all vndone,
Mine owne eares haue sucked in mine owne sorow:
I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to morow.

PITHIAS.

¶ How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge,
That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thynge.

STEPHANO.

¶ By friendship I gate into the Courte, where in great Audience,
I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence.
By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Grecke that craftie spie,
Without farther Iudgement, to morow should die:
Beleeue me Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe.

PITHIAS.

¶ Then how neare is my death also, ah woe is me.

Ah my

Ah my Damon, another my ſelfe: ſhall I forgo thee?

STEPHANO.

Syr, there is no tyme of lamentyng now, it behoueth vs,
To make meanes to them which can do much with Dionisius:
That he be not made awaye ere his cauſe be fully heard, for we ſee
By euyll reporte, thynges be made to Princes far worſe then they be,
But lo, yonder cõmeth Ariſtippus, in great fauour wt kyng Dionisius
Entreate hym to ſpeake a good worde to the kynge for vs:
And in the meane ſeaſon, I wyll to your lodgyng, to ſee all thyngs ſafe there.

PITHIAS. EXIT.

To that I agree but let vs ſlip aſide his talke to heare.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

Here is a ſodayne chaunge in deede, a ſtrange Metamorphoſis,
This Courte is cleane altered, who would haue thought this:
Dionisius of late ſo pleaſant and mery,
Is quite changed now into ſuche melancoly:
That nothyng can pleaſe hym, he walked vp and downe,
Fretting and chafyng, on euerie man he doth frowne:
In ſo much that when I in pleaſant wordes began to play,
So ſternly he frowned on me, and knit me vp ſo ſhort,
I perceyue it is no ſafe playing with Lyons, but when it pleaſe them,
If you claw where it itch not, you ſhall diſeaſe them:
And ſo perhaps get a clap, myne owne proſe taught me this,
That it is very good to be mery and wiſe:
The onely cauſe of this hurly burly, is Carſophus that wicked man,
Whiche lately toke Damon for a Spie, a poore Gentleman:
And hath incenſed the kynge againſt him ſo deſpightfully,
That Dionisius hath iudged him to morow to die:
I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in wordes I found very wittie,
Yet was he more curious then wiſe in bieyng this Citie:
But truely for ought I can learne, there is no cauſe why
So ſodenly and cruelly, he ſhould be condempned to die:
How ſo euer it be, this is the ſhort and longe,
I dare not gainſay the kynge, beit right or wrong:
I am ſory, and that is all I may or can do in this caſe,
Nought auayleth perſwaſion, where frowarde opinion taketh place.

PITHIAS.

Sir, if humble ſutes you would not deſpiſe,
Then bew on me your pitifull eyes:
My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,
A perfect friend to that woefull Damon,
Whiche now a poore captiue in this Courte doth lie,

By the kinges owne mouth as I here, condemned to die
For whom I crane your maiſterſhips goodneſſe,
To ſtand his friend in this his great diſtreſſe:
Nought hath he done worthy of Death, but very fondly,
Being a ſtraunger, he bewed this Citie,
For no euill practiſes, but to fede his eyes,
But ſeing Dionyſius is informed otherwiſe,
My ſute is to you, when you ſee time and place,
To aſſwage the kinges anger, and to purchaſe his grace,
In which doyng, you ſhall not do good to one onely,
But you ſhall further two, and that fully.

ARIRTIPPVS.

My friend, in this caſe I can do you no pleaſure.

PITHIAS.

Yes, you ſerue in the Court as Fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPVS.

I am of the Court in dede, but none of the Counſell.

PITHIAS.

As I heare, none is in greater fauour with the kinge then you at (this day,

ARISTIPPVS.

The more in fauour, the leſſe I dare ſay.

PITHIAS.

It is a Courtiers prayſe to helpe ſtraingers in miſerie.

ARISTIPPVS.

To helpe an other and hurte my ſelfe, it is an euyll point of courteſie;

PITHIAS.

You ſhall not hurt your ſelfe to ſpeake for the innocent.

ARISTIPPVS.

He is not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent.

PITHIAS.

Why ſir? do you thinke this matter paſte all remedie?

ARISTIPPVS.

So fare paſt that Dionyſius hath ſworne Damon to morow ſhall die

PITHIAS.

This word my trembling heart cutteth in two,
Ah ſir, in this woefull caſe, what will I beſt to do.

ARISTIPPVS.

Beſt to content your ſelfe, when there is no remedie,
He is well reſſued that forknoweth his miſerie,
Yet if any comfort be, it reſteth in Eubulus,
The chiefeſt counſellour about kinge Dionyſius:
Which pitieth Damons caſe in this great extremitie,

Perſwadyng

Perſwadyng the kynge from all kynde of crueltie.

PITHIAS.

¶ The mightie Gods preſerue you for this worde of comforte,
Takyng my leaue of your goodneſſe, I wyll now reſorte,
To Eubulus that good Counſeller:
But harke, me thinke I heare a Trompet blow.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ The kyng is at hand, ſtande cloſe in the preaſe, beware: if he knowe
you are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a ſpie alſo:
Farewell I dare not be ſeene with you.
¶ Here entreth kyng DYONYSIVS, EVBVLVS the Counſeller,
and GRONOO the Hangman.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ Gronoo, do my commaundement, ſtrike off Damons Irons by & by,
Then byng hym forth, & my ſelfe will ſee him executed preſently.

GRONOO.

¶ O mightie King, your commaundement wyll I do ſpedely.

DIONYS.

¶ Eubulus thou haſt talked in vaine, for ſure he ſhall die.
Shall I ſuffre my life to ſtande in peryll of euerie Spie?

EVBVLVS.

¶ That he conſpired againſt your perſon, his Accuſer can not ſay,
He onely viewed your Citie, and wyll you for that make hym away.

DYONYS.

What he would haue done, the geſte is great, he minded me to hurt
That came ſo ſlilly to ſeeke out the ſecret eſtate of my Courte:
Shall I ſtyll lyue in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off ſuche Impes betime,
Leaſt that to my further daunger, to hie they clime.

EVBVLVS.

¶ Yet haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame aſſigned,
To all worldly Princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.

DYONYSIVS.

Let Fame talke what ſhe lyſt, ſo I may lyue in ſafetie.

EVBVLVS.

¶ The onely meane to that, is to vſe mercie.

DYONYS.

¶ A milde Prince the people deſpiſeth.

EVBVLVS.

¶ A cruell kynge the people hateth.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ Let them hate me, ſo they feare me.

EVBVLVS.

That is not the way to lyue in ſafetie.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ My ſword and power ſhall purchaſe my quietneſſe.

EVBVLVS.

¶ That is ſomer procured by mercy and gentilneſſe.

DYONYS.

¶ Dionyſius ought to be feared.

EVBVLVS.

¶ Better for him to be beloued.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ Fortune maketh all thinges ſubiect to my power.

EVBVLVS.

¶ Beleue her not ſhe is a light Goddeſſe, ſhe can laugh & lowre:

DIONYS.

¶ A kinges prayſe ſtandeth in the reuenging of his enemie

EVBVLVS.

¶ A greater prayſe to winne him by clemencie.

DYONYS.

¶ To ſuffer the wicked liue, it is no mercie.

EVBVLVS.

¶ To kill the innocent, it is great cruelltie,

DYONISYVS.

¶ Is Damon innocent, which ſo craftely vnderminded Carliſophus,
To bad ſtand what he could of kinge Dioniſius:
Which ſurueyed the Hauen and eche Bulwarcke in the Citie,
Where battrie might be layde, what way beſt to approche, ſhall I
Suffer ſuch a one to liue, that worketh me ſuch diſpite?
No, he ſhall die, then I am ſafe, a dead dogge can not bite.

EVBVLVS.

¶ But yet, O mightie, my dutie bindeth me,
To geue ſuch counſell as with your honour may beſt agree,
The ſtrongeſt pillers of princely dignitie,
I finde this iuſtice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie,
The one iudgeth all thinges by vpright equitie,
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie:
As to ſpare thoſe, which offend maliciouſly,
It may be called no iuſtice, but extreame iniurie:
So vpon ſuſpicion, of each thinges not well proued,
To put to death preſently, whom enuious flattery accuſed,
It ſæmeth of tiranny, and vpon what fickle ground al tirants do ſtand
Athenes and Lacedemon, can teache you yf it be rightly ſcande:
And not only theſe Citezens, but who curiouſly ſeekes,
The whole Hiſtories of all the world, not only of Romaines & Grecians

ſhall

Shall well perceyue of all Tyrantes the ruinous fall,
Their state vncertaine, beloued of none, but hated of all:
Of mercifull Princes to set oute the passyng felycitie
I nede not: ynough of that, euen these dayes do testifie:
They liue deuoid of feare, their sleapes are sound, they dred no enemie
They are feared and loued, and why? they rule with Justice & mercie.
Extendyng Justice to such, as wickedly from Justice haue swarued,
Mercie vnto those, where opinion, simplenesse haue mercie deserued.
Of lybertie nought I say, but onely this thynge,
Lybertie vpholdeth the state of a kynge:
Whose large bountifulnesse ought to fall to this issue,
To rewarde none, but suche as deserue it for vertue:
Whiche mercifull Justice, if you would folow, & prouident liberalytie,
Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, Et fruges consumere nati.
Parasites with wealth puft vp, should not loke so hie,
Nor yet for this simple face, poore Damon should die.

DIONYSIVS.

With payne mine eares haue heard this vayne talke of mercie,
I tell thee, feare and terrour, defendeth kynges onely:
Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyue quietly?
Whose memorie w chilling horror, fils my breast day & night violently
By dreadfull dreames of him, bereues my rest: On bed I lie
Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damons
This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damons blood can slay, (swo'd,
Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway:
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,
It is lawfull for kynges as they list all thynges to do.

Here GRONOO bringeth in DAMON: and PITHIAS meeteth him by the way.

PITHIAS.

Oh my Damon.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, seyng Death must parte vs, farewell for euer.

PITHIAS.

Oh Damon, oh my sweete friende.

SNAP.

Away from the Prysoner, what a prease haue we here.

GRONOO.

As you commaunded, O mighty Kinge, we haue brought Damon

DIONYS.

Then go to; make redy I will not stirre out of this place,
Till I se his head stroken off before my face.

GRONOO

GRONOO.

¶ It ſhalbe done ſir: Becauſe your eyes haue made ſuche a dw,
I wyl knock downe this your Lantern, & ſhut vp your ſhop windowe ſtb.

DAMON.

¶ O mightie king, where as no trueth, my innocent lyfe can ſaue,
But that ſo greedily you thruſt, my guiltleſſe bloud to haue:
Albeit, (euen for thought) for ought againſt your perſon:
Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I craue your pardon:
But ſeyng in Greece my Countrey, where well I am knowne,
I haue worldly thinges, fit for mine Aliance when I am gone,
To diſpoſe them or I die, if I might obtaine leaſure,
I would account it (O kyng) for a paſſyng great pleaſure:
Not to prolonge my lyfe thet by, for whiche I reken not this,
But to ſet my thynges in a ſtay: and ſurely I wyll not miſſe,
Vpon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here in (this place:
Graunt me (O Kinge) ſuch time to diſpatch this iniurie,
And I wyll not fayle, when you appointed, euen here my lyfe to pay.

DIONISIVS.

¶ A pleaſant requeſt, as though I could truſt him abſent,
Whom in no wiſe I can not truſt beinge preſent:
And yet though I ſware the contrarie, to that I require,
Geue me a pledge for thy returne, and haue thine owne deſire:
Ye is as nere now as he was before.

DAMON.

¶ Ther is no ſurer nor greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman

DIONYS.

¶ It was wont to be, but otherwiſe now the world doth ſtande,
Therfore dw as I ſay, els preſently yéld thy necke to the ſword,
If I might with mine honour I would recall my worde.

PITHIAS.

¶ Stand to your worde, O Kinge, for Kinges ought nothing ſay,
But that they would performe, in perfect deeds alway:
A pledge you did require, when Damon his ſute did méene,
For which, with heart and ſtretched handes, moſt humble thankes I (gene,
And that you may not ſay, but Damon hath a feinde,
That loues him better then his owne life, and will dw to his ende:
Take mé, Oh mightie Kinge, my lyfe I pawne for his,
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to miſſe.

DIONYS.

¶ What art thou, that chargeſt me with my worde ſo boldly here?

PITHIAS.

I am

PITHIAS.

I am Pithias, a Greeke borne, whiche hold Damon my friend full (deare:
To dere perhaps, to hazard thy life for him, what fondnes moueth thee

PITHIAS.

No fondneſſe at all, but perfect amitie.

DIONISIVS.

A mad kind of amitie: aduiſe thy ſelf well, if Damon fayle at his day
Which ſhalbe iuſtly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mee his lyfe to (pay.

PITHIAS.

Moſt wyllyngly, O mightie kyng: if Damon fayle, let Pithias die.

DIONYSIVS.

Thou ſeemeſt to truſt his wordes, that pawneſt thy lyfe ſo frankly.

PITHIAS.

What Damon ſaith, Pithias beleueth aſſuredly.

DYONYSIVS.

Take heede for lyfe, worldly men breake promiſe in many thinges.

PITHIAS.

Though worldly men do ſo, it neuer happes amongeſt frindes.

DIONISIVS.

What calleſt thou friendes, are they not men? is not this true?

PITHIAS.

Yea they be, but ſuch men as loue one an other onely for vertue.

DIONISIVS.

For what vertue, doſte thou loue this ſpie, this Damon.

PITHIAS.

For that vertue, which yet to you is vnknowne.

DYONYSIVS.

Eubulus, what ſhall I do? I would diſpatch this Damon fayne,
But this foliſh felow ſo chargeth mee, that I may not call backe my (worde agayne.

EVBVLVS.

The reuerent maieſtie of a King, ſtands chiefly in keeping his promiſe
What you haue ſayde, this whole Courte beareth witneſſe:
Saue your honour what ſo euer you do.

DYONYSYVS.

For ſaueing mine honour, I muſt forbeare my wyll, go to,
Pithias, ſeeing thou takeſt me at my worde, take Damon to thee:
For two mounthes he is thine, vnbinde him, I ſet him free,
Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by noone,
Without further delay, thou ſhalt loſe thy lyfe, and that full ſoone,
Whether he die by the way, or lie ſicke in his bead,
If he retourne not then, thou ſhalt either hange or loſe thy head.

PITHIAS.

For this O mightie kinge, I yelde immortall thankes, O ioyfull day.

DYONYSIVS.

Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, ſee him kept in ſafetie.
If he eſcape aſſure thy ſelfe, for him thou ſhalt die,
Eubulus, let vs departe, to talke of this ſtraunge thinge within.

EVBVLVS.

I folowe. EXIT.

GRONNO.

Damon, thou ſerueſt the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort,
As for you ſir, I thinke you wyll be hanged in ſporte,
You heard what the kinge ſayde? I muſt kepe you ſafely,
By cocke ſo I wyll, you ſhall rather hange then I:
Come on your way.

PITHIAS.

My Damon, farewell, the Gods haue thee in kepeing.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, my Pleadge farewell, I parte from thee weeping
But ioyfull at my day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne,
When I wyll deliuer thee from all trouble and paine:
Stephano wyll I leauebehinde me to wayte vpon thee in priſon alone,
And I whom fortune hath reſerued to this miſerie, wyll walke home,
Ah my Pithias, my Pleadge, my life, my friend, farewell.

PITHIAS.

Farewell my Damon.

DAMON.

Loth I am to departe, ſith ſobbes my trembling tounge doth ſtay,
Oh Muſicke, ſounde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way.

GRONNO.

I am glad he is gone, I had almoſt wept to, come Pithias
So God helpe me, I am ſory for thy folish caſe,
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man, ſo fondly?

PITHIAS.

It is no venter, my friende is ſuch, for whom I deſire to die.

GRONNO.

Here is a mad man I tell thee, I haue a wyfe whom I loue well,
And if ſhe would die for her, ſhould ich weare in Hell:
Wylt thou do more for a man, then I would for a woman.

PITHIAS.

Yea, that I wyll.

GRONNO.

Then come on your wayes, you muſt to Priſon in haſte,
I feare you wyll repent this folly at laſte.

PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

What chalt thou neuer ſée: but oh Muſick as my Damon requeſted thée
Sounde out thy dolefull tunes, in this time of calamitie. EXIT

Here the Regalles play a mourning ſonge, and Damon commeth in, in Mariners apparell, and Stephano with him.

I Wéepe no more Stephano, this is but deſtinie,
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die:
Where or in what place, the Gods know alone,
To whoſe iudgement my ſelfe I commit, therfore leaue of thy mone,
And wayte vpon Pithias in Priſon, till I retourne agayne,
In whom my ioy, my care and lyfe doth only remayne.

STEPHANO.

Oh my deare Maſter, let me go with you, for my more companie,
Shalbe ſome ſmall comfort in this time of miſerie.

DAMON.

Oh Stephano, haſt thou ben ſo longe with me,
And yet doeſt not know the force of true amitie?
I tel thée once agayne, my friend and I are but one,
Waite vpon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now diſcourſe, the time paſſeth away,
The ſoner I am gone, the ſhorter ſhalbe my iournay:
Therefore farewell Stephano, commend me to my friende Pithias
Whom I truſt to deliuer in time out of this wofull caſe.

STEPHANO.

Farewell my deare Maſter, ſince your pleaſure is ſo,
Oh cruell happe, oh more Stephano:
O curſed Cariſophus, that firſt moued this Tragidie,
But what a noyes is this? Is all well within trow yée:
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go ſée:
Come out you Meſell, are you ſéekinge Egs in Damons cheſte,
Come out I ſay, wylt thou be packing? by cocke you weare beſte.

GARISOPH.

How durſt thou villaine to lay handes on me?

STEPHANO.

Out ſir knaue or I wyll ſende yée,
Art thou not content to accuſe Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou robbe him alſo, and that openly?

CARISPH.

The King gaue me the ſpoyle, to take myne owne wilt thou let (me?

STEPHANO.

Thine owne villaine; Where is thine authoritie?

CARYSOPHVS.

I am authoritie of my ſelfe, doeſt thou not know?

STEPHANO.

By'r ladie, that is ſomwhat, but haue you no more to ſhow?

CARYSOPHVS.

What if I haue not?

STEPHANO.

Then for an earneſt penie, take this blow.
I ſhall bumbaſt you, you mocking knaue, ſchil put pro in my purſe for this time.

CARYSOPH.

Iacke geue me my ſword and targat.

IACKE.

I can not com to you maiſter, this knaue doth me let. Hold maiſter.

STEPHANO.

Away Iacke napes, els I wyll colpheg you by and by,
Ye ſlaue I wyll haue my penyworthes of thee, therefore if I die,
Aboute villayne.

CARYSOPH.

O Citezens, helpe to defend me.

STEPHANO.

Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.

CARISOPH.

Good felow, let vs reaſon this matter quietly, beat me no more.

STEPHANO.

Of this condition I wyll ſtay, yf thou ſwere as thou art an honeſt man
Thou wylt ſay nothyng to the kinge of this when I am gonne.

CARISOPH.

I wyll ſay nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honeſt man.

STEPHANO.

Then ſay on thy minde: I haue taken a wiſe othe on him, haue I not
To truſt ſuch a falſe knaue vpon his honeſtie, (trow ye
As he is an honeſt man (quoth you) he may bewray all to the kinge,
And breke his oth for this neuer a whit, but my franion I tell you this
If you diſcloſe this, I wyll deuyſe ſuch a way, (one thing,
That whilſt thou liueſt thou ſhalt remember this day.

CARYSOPH.

You nede not deuiſe for that, for this day is printed in my memory,
I warrant you, I ſhall remember this beating till I die:
But ſeing of courteſie you haue granted that we ſhould talke quietly,
Me thinkes, in calling me knaue, you do me muche iniurie.

STEPHANO.

Why ſo? I pray thee hartely?

CARYSOPH.

CARYSOPHVS.

Because I am the Kinges man, kepes the kinge any knaues?

STEPHANO.

He should not, but what he doth it is euident by thée:
And as farre as I can learne or vnderstand,
There is none better able to kéepe knaues in all the land.

CARISOPHVS.

Oh sir, I am a Courtier, when Courtiers shall heare tell,
How you haue vsed me, they will not take it well.

STEPHANO.

Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke, and wot ye why?
Be cause I handled a counterfait Courtier in his kinde so finely,
What ye: all are not Courtiers that haue a counterfait show,
In a trope of honest men, some knaues may stand ye know:
Such as by stelth creep in, vnder the colour of honestie,
Which sorte vnder that cloke, do all kind of villanie:
A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of vrbanitie,
Hurting no man, good to all, deuoid of all villanie:
But suche as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, & vayne delightes,
Though you hange by the coartes, you are but flatring Parasites,
As well deseruing the right name of courtesie,
As the coward Knight, the true praise of cheualrie:
I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am your well willer,
In faith Carisophus, you are no Courtier but a catterpiller,
A Sicophant, a Parasite, a flatterer, and a knaue:
Whether I wyll or no, these names you must haue:
How well you deserue this, by your dédes it is knowne,
For that so vniustly thou hast accused poore Damon,
Whose wofull case the Gods helpe alone.

CARYSOPH.

Syr, are you his seruaant that you pitie his case so?

STEPHANO.

No bum troth, good man Grumbe, his name is Stephano.
I am called Onaphets, knédes you wyll know,
The knaue beginneth to flet me, but I turne my name in & out,
Cretiso cum cretense, to make him a loute.

CARYSOPH.

What mumble you with your selfe Pitter Onaphets.

STEPHANO.

I am reckening with my selfe, how I may pay my debtes.

CARYSOPH.

You haue paide me more then you did owe me.

STEPHANO.

Nay, vpon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more if I know
Either you talke of that is done, or by your Sicophanticall enuye,
You prieue forth Dionisius the sower, that Damon may die:
I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall ratteli in thy skinne,
Remember what I haue sayde, Onaphets is my name. EXIT

CARYSOPH.

The sturdie knaue is gone, the Deuyll him take,
He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides, and all to ake:
Thou horson villaine boy, why didst thou waite no better?
As he payde mée, so wyll I not die thy debter.

IACKE.

Mayster, why do you fight with me? I am not your match you sée,
You durst not fight w̄ him y̆ is gone, & wyll you wreke your anger on (mée

CARYSOPHVS.

Thou villaine, by thée I haue lost mine honour,
Beaten with a codgell like a Slaue, a Macaboun, or a lasse Lubber,
And not geuen one blow agayne, hast thou handled me well?

IACKE.

Maister I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomly (you can tell.

CARYSOPHVS.

Handsomly thou crake rope.

IACKE.

Yea sir, very handsomly, I holde you a grote,
He handled you so handsomly, that he left not one mote in your cote.

CARISOPH.

O I had strckt him trimly thou villaine, if thou hadst geuen mée my (swoord.

IACKE.

It is better as it is, Maister beleue me at a woorde:
If he had sene your weapon, he would haue ben fierser,
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my harte,
You were neuer yet at the dealing of fence blowes, but you had foure
It is but your lucke, you are man good enough, (away for your part
But the Wealche Onaphets, was a vengeaunce knaue and rough,
Maister you were best go home and reste in your bedde,
Me thinkes your cappe wareth to little for your heade.

CARISOPH.

What? doth my head swell?

IACKE.

Yea as bigge as a Codshed, and bleades too.

CARYSOPH.

I am ashamed to show my face with this hew.

IACKE.

IACKE.

No shame at all, men haue bin beaten farre better then you,

CARISOPHVS.

I muste go to the Chirurgians, what shall I say when I am a dressynge?

IACKE.

You may say truly, you met with a knaues blessing. EXEVNT.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

By mine owne experience, I proue true that many men tell,
To liue in Courte not beloued, better be in Hell:
What crying out? what cursyng is there within of Carisophus,
Because he accused Damon to kinge Dionisius:
Euen now, he came whining & criyng into the Courte for the nonce,
Shewinge that one Onaphets had broke his knaues sconce:
Which straunge name when they heard, euery man laught hartely,
And I by my selfe scand his name secretly,
For well I knewe it was some madheded chylde
That inuented this name, that the logheaded knaue might be begilded:
In tossing it often with my selfe to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets, backward spelled Stephano:
I smiled in my sleue, how to see by tournyng his name, he dyed him,
And how for Damõ his Masters sake, wt a wodden coygell he bleste him:
None pitied ỹ knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to scorne
To be thus hated of all better vnborne:
Farre better Aristippus hath prouided I trowe,
For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:
I offende none, in so muche that woman sayth this to my great prayse,
Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & locus & res.
But in all this iolitie, one thinge maseth me,
The straungest thinge that euer was harde or knowne
Is now happened in this Court by that Damon:
Whom Carisophus accused, Damon is now at liberte,
For whose return Pithias his frend lieth in prisõ, alas in great iopardy
To morow is ỹ day, which day by none if Damon return not, cruelly
The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die,
Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not returne, tyll he haue payde
His lyfe for his friend: hath it ben heare to fore euer sayde,
That any man for his friend would die so wyllyngly?
O noble friendship, O perfect amitie,
Thy force is heare seene, and that very perfectlie:
The kinge him selfe maseth here at, yet is he farre out of square,
That he trusteth none, to come nere him not his owne doughters will be haue

Whereby

Vnſercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbars his beard
Not with Knife or Raſour, for all edge toles he feares, (to ſhaue:
But with hote burning Nutſhales, they ſenge of his heares.
Was there euer man that liued in ſuch miſerye?
Well, I wyll go in with a heauye and penſiue hart to,
To think how Pithias this poore gentleman to morow ſhal die EXIT

¶ Here entreth IACKE and VVYLL.

¶ Wyll, by my honeſty, I wyll marre your monckes face if you ſo (fondly prate
VVYLL.

¶ Jacke, by my troth, ſeeing you are without the Courte gate,
If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my maſter, and diſpiſing my face,
Euen here with a Pantacle, I wyll you diſgrace:
And though you haue a farre better face then I,
Yet, who is better man of vs two, theſe fiſtes ſhall trie,
Vnleſſe you leaue your taunting.

IACKE.

¶ Thou beganſt firſt, didſt thou not ſay euen nowe,
That Cariſophus my Maſter was no man but a cowe,
In takinge ſo many blowes, and gaue neuer a blow agayne?

VVYLL.

¶ I ſayde ſo in deede, he is but a tame Ruffian,
That can ſweare by his flaſke & twiche bor & Gods precious lady:
And yet he will be beaten with a faggot ſtick:
Theſe barking whelpes were neuer good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were euer great fighters:
But ſeinge you eg me ſo much I wyll somewhat more reſight,
I ſay Cariſophus thy maſter is aflattring Pariſite:
Gleaning away the ſweet from the worthy in all the Courte,
What tragidie hath he moued of late? y deuell take him he doth much (hurt.
IACKE.

¶ I pray you what is Ariſtippus thy maſter, is not he a Pariſite too,
That with ſcoffing and ieſting in the Court makes ſo much a dooe?

VVYLL.

¶ He is no Pariſite, but a pleaſant Gentlman, full of curteſie,
Thy maſter is a churliſh loute the heyre of a downg forke, as boyde of
As thou art of honour. (honeſtie,

IACKE.

¶ Nay yf you wyll needes be prating of my maſter ſtyll,
In faith, I muſt cole you my frinde Dapper Wyll.
Take this at the beginning.

VVYLL.

¶ Prayſe well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.

Jacke.

IACKE. By the Maſſe I wyll bore you.
VVYLL. By cocke I wyll Fore you
IACKE. Wyll, was I with you.
VVYLL. Iacke, did I flye?
IACKE. Alas prettie cockerell, you are to weake.
VVYLL. In faith Dutting Duttell, you wyll crye creake,

Here entreth SNAP.

Away you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate, ?
And I take you heare agayne, I wyll ſwinge you both, what? EXIT

IACKE.

I beſhrew Snap the Tipſtaffe that great knaues hart, ỹ hether did (come
Had he not ben, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum,
But ſeing wee haue breathed our ſelues, if ye liſt,
Let vs agree like friends, and ſhake eche other by the fiſt.

VVYLL.

Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this condition,
That you talke no more ſo brode of my maſter as here you haue done,
But who haue wee here, is Cobex epi comming yonder.

IACKE. Wyll, let vs ſlipp aſide and be we him well.

Here entreth GRIMME the Collar whiſtling.

(gate toodaye
What Deuell, iche weene ỹ Porters are drunke, will they not dup the
Take in Coles for ỹ Kings owne mouth, wyll no body ſtur I ſay?
Ich might haue layne tway howers longer in my bedde,
Cha taried ſo longe here, that my teeth chatter in my heade.

IACKE. Wyll, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?
VVYLL. I mary Iacke, I pray thee hartely.

IACKE.

Then folow me, and hemme in a woorde now and then:
What braulynge knaue is there at the Courte gate ſo early?

VVYLL.

It is ſome bratniſche Villaine, I durſt lay a pennie.

IACKE.

It was you ſir that cryed ſo lowde, I trow,
And bid vs take in Coles for the Kinges mouth, euen now.

GRIMME Twas I indeede.

IACKE.

Why ſir? how dare you ſpeake ſuch petie treaſon?
Doth the Kinge eate Coles at any ſeaſon?

GRIMME.

Here is a gaye worlde, Boyes now settes olde men to scole,
I sayde well enough, what Jacke sauce, thinkst cham a sole &
At Bake house, Buttrie hatch, Kitchin, and Seller,
Do they not say for the Kinges mouth?
VVYLL. What then good man Collar?
GRIMME.
What then? seing wout coles thei cannot finely dresse ỹ kinges meat,
May I not say, take in coles for ỹ kinges month, though coles be do not (eate
IACKE.
James Christe, came euer from a Collier an aunswere so trimme?
You are learned, are you not Father Grimme?
GRIMME.
Grimme is my name in deed, cham not learned, & yet ỹ Kinges collier
This dortie winter cha bin to the Kinge a scrutter,
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole & some
VVYLL.
So it semes, you haue so much mother wit, that you lacke your
GRIMME. (fathers wisdome.
Yaste, cham well be set: heres is a trimme cast of Spurlons
What be you my prettie cockerels, that aske me these questions.
IACKE.
God faith maister Grimme, if such Marlines on your pouch may light
Thei are so quick of winge ỹ quickly they can carie it out of your sight
And though we are cockerels now, we shall haue spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a Capon:
But to tell you trouth: we are the Porters men, which early & late,
Wayte on suche Gentlemen as you to open the Courte gat e.
GRIMME. Are ye seruants then?
VVYLL. Yea sir, are we not prettie men?
GRIMME.
Prettie men (ỹ you) nay, you are stronge men, els you couldnot beare
VVYLL. (these britches.
Are these great hose? in faith godman Collier you se with your nose
By myne honestie, I haue but for one lining in ons hose, but by els of.
GRIMME. (Roug.
That is but a little, yet it makes thée seme a great Bugge.
IACKE.
How say you godman Collier, can you finde any fault here?
GRIMME.
Nay you should finde naught, mary heres trimme geare,
Alas little knaue, doest not sweat, thou goest with great payne,
These are no hose, but watter bougets, I tell thée playne:

God for none, but ſuche as haue no buttockes.
Dyd you euer ſée two ſuche little Robin ruddockes,
So laden with breaches: chill ſay no more, leſt I offende,
Who inuented theſe monſters firſt, did it to a goſſly ende:
To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes ſtuffe,
We ſée this euident by dayly proffe:
One preached of late not farre hence, in no Pulpet, but in Waayne
That ſpake enough of this, but for my parte, (carte,
Chil ſay no more, your owne neceſſitie,
In the ende wyll force you to finde ſome remedy.

IACKE.

Well, holde this raylynge knaue with a talke when I am gone,
I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good ſermone.

VVYLL.

Go thy way: father Grimme, gayly well you bee ſay,
It is but youngmens folly that liſte to playe:
And maſke a whyle in the net of their owne deuiſe,
When they come to your age, they wyll be wyſe.

GRIMME.

Bum troth, but few ſuch royſters come to my yeares at this day,
They be cut off be times, or they haue gone halfe their iourney:
I wyll not tell why, let them geſſe that can, I meane ſomwhat thereby

Enter IACKE. with a pot of wyne, and a cup to drinke on.

Father Grimme, becauſe you are ſturring ſo early,
I haue brought you a boule of wyne to make you mery.

GRIMME.

Wyne, mary, that is welcome to Colliers, chyl ſwapt of by e by,
Chwas ſturringe ſo early that my very ſoule is dye.

IACKE.

This is ſtoutely done wyll you haue it warmed father Grimme.

GRIMME.

No, it is warme enough: it is very louſious and trimme,
Vis Maſſelden ich wéne, of fellowſhip let me haue an other ſpurt,
Ich can drinke as eaſily now, as if I ſate in my ſhurte.

IACKE.

By cocke and you ſhall haue it, but I wyll beginne and that anone
Iebit abow mon companion.

GRIMME.

Ihar bow pleadge pety Zawne,

IACKE.

Can you ſpeake Frenche: here is a trimme coller by this day.

GRIMME.

What man? ich learned this when ich was a Souldier,
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could parke a whip trimly,
Better then these boy Coliers that come to the Courte daily:
When there were not so many captious fellowes as now,
That would tozuppe men foz euery trifell, I wot not how:
As the: e was one Damon, not longe since, taken foz a Spie,
Ho wiuslly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

VVYLL.

This Wine hath warmed him, this comes well to pas,
We shall know all now, foz in VINO VERITAS.
Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to Kinge Dionisius?

GRIMME.

A bengaunce take him, twas a gentleman, one Maister Crowsphus.

VVYLL.

Crowsphus, you clippe the Kinges language, you would haue said (Carisophus
But I perceiue now, either the winde is at the South,
Oz els your toungr cleaueth to the rose of your mouth.

GRIMME.

A murian take thik Wine, it so intoricate my braine,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

IACKE.

You speake knautshly playne, seinge my maister you do mocke,
In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cocke:
Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abzode?

GRIMME

All men are sozie foz him, so helpe me God.
They say a false knaue cused him to the King wzongfully,
And he is gone, and should be here to mozow to die,
Oz els his fellow which is in pzison, his rowme shall supplie:
Chil not be his halfe foz voztie shillinges, I tell you playne,
I thinke Damon be to wise to returne agayne.

VVYLL.

Wyll no man speake foz them in this wofull case.

GRIMME,

No chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place,
Where he may do good, but he frames him selfe so,
Whatsoeuer Dionisius wylleth to that he wyll not say no:
Tis a suttell Hor, he wyll not tread on thoznes foz none,
A mery Harecoppe tis and a pleasant companion,
A right courtier, and can pzouide foz one.

IACKE.

Wyll,

Wyll, how lyke you this geare: your maſter Ariſtippus alſo,
At this Coliers hande hath had a bloe:
But in faith father Grimme cannot ye Colliers,
Prouide for your ſelues far better then Courtiers.

GRIMME.

Yes I trow, blacke Coliers go in threade bare cotes,
Yet ſo prouide they, that they haue the faire white groates:
Ich may ſay in counſell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
Chill not change liues with any in Dionyſius Courte:
For though their apparell be neuer ſo fine,
Yet ſure their credit is farre worſe then mine:
And by cocke I may ſay, for all their hie lokes,
I know ſome ſtickes full deepe in Marchants bookes:
And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as in ſtéede of Money, they take vp Haukes hoods & Belles:
Wherby they fall into a ſwelling diſeaſe, which Coliers do not know
Hath a mad name, it is called ich wéene, Centum pro cento.
Some other in Courtes, make others laugh merily,
When they wayle and lament their owne eſtate ſecretly:
Friendſhip is dead in Courte, Hipocriſie doth raigne,
Who is in fauour now, to morow is out agayne:
The ſtate is ſo vncertaine, that I by my wyll,
Will neuer be courtier, but a Colier ſtyll.

VVYLL.

It ſéemeth that Coliers haue a very trim lyfe.

GRIMME.

Coliers get money ſtyll: Tell me of trouth,
Is not that a trim life now as the world goeth?
All day, though I toyle with mayne and might,
With mony in my pouche, I come home mery at night,
And ſit downe in my chayre by my wyfe faire Aliſon,
And tourne a Crabbe in the fire, as mery as Pope Iohn.

IACKE.

That Pope was a mery fellow, of whome folke talke ſo much.

GRIMME

Had to be mery withal, had goulde enough in his hutch:

IACKE.

Can goulde make men mery? they ſay who can ſinge ſo mery a note,
As he that is not able to change a grote?

GRIMME.

Who ſinges in that caſe ſinges neuer in tune I know for my parte,
That a heauy pouch with goulde makes a light harte:

Of which

Of which I haue prouided for a deare yeare good fore,
And these Benters I trowe, shall anone get me more.

VVYLL.

By seruing the Courte with coles you gaynde all this money.

GRIMME.

By the Court onely I assure ye.

IACKE.

After what sort I pray the tell mée?

GRIMME.

Nay, ther bate me an ace (quod Boulon) I can weare a hayre & blow it
IACKE. By lady the wiser man. (not

GRIMME,

Shall I tell you by what slite I got all this money
Then ich weare a noddy in déede: no, no, I warreant ye,
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,
He is a very fole that can not gayne by the Kinge.

VVYLL.

Well sayde father Grimme, you are a willie Collier & a braue,
I sée now there is no knaue to the olde knaue.

GRIMME.

Suche knaues haue mony, when courtiers haue none,
But tell me, is it true that a brode is blowne?
IACKE. What is that?

GRIMME.

Hath the Kinge made those fayre Damsels his daughters,
To be come now fine and trimme Barbers.
IACKE. Yea truly to his owne person.

GRIMME.

Good fellowes beleue me, as the case now standes,
I would geue one sacke of Coles, to be washt at their hands:
If ich came so neare them, for my wyt should not geue thée chippes,
If ich could not scrale one swap at their lippes.

IACKE.

Wyll, this knaue is drunke, let vs dresse him,
Let vs riffell him so that he haue not one pennie to blesse him,
And scrale away his Debenters to.

VVYLL.

Content inuent the waye, and I am readie.
IACKE. Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie:
Father Grimme, if you praise me well, I wyll wash you & shaue you to
Euen after the same fashion as the Kinges daughters do:
In all poynts as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dresse you trim & fine

GRIMME

GRIMME

Chuld bayne learne ỹ: come on then, chll geue thé a whol pint of wine
At Tauerne for thy labour, when cha mony for my Be nters heare.

Here Wyll fetcheth a Barbers baſon, a pot with water, a Rayſour, and Clothes and a payre of Spectacles.

IACKE.

Com mine owne Father Grimme, ſit downe.

GRIMME

Mas to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre.

IACKE.

What man I wyll vſe you like a prince: ſir boy, fetche me my gearе.

VVYLL. Here ſyr.

IACKE. Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME. Me ſæme my head doth ſwimme.

IACKE.

My Coſtly perfumes make that, away with this ſir Boy: be quicke.
Aloyſe, aloyſe, how how prettie it is, is not here a god face?
A fine Dules eyes, a mouth lyke an Quen,
Father you haue god Butter téth, full ſæne,
You weare weaned, els you would haue ben a great Calfe,
Ah trimme lippes to ſwæpe a Manger, here is a chinne,
As ſofte as the howſe of an horſe.

GRIMME.

Doth the Kinges daughters rubbe ſo harde?

IACKE.

Hold your head ſtraite man, els all wyll be marde,
By: ladie, you are of a god complexion,
A right Croyden ſanguine, beſhrew mee,
Hould vp father Grimme, Wyll can you beſturre ye?

GRIMME

Me thinks after a maruelous faſhion you do beſmoure me.

IACKE.

It is with VNGVENTVM of Daucus Maucus, that is very coſtly,
I geue not this waſhinge ball to euery body:
After you haue ben drett ſo finely at my hande,
You may kiſſe any Ladies lippes within this lande:
A, you are trimly waſht, how ſay you, is not this trimm water?

GRIMME.

It may be holſome, but it is vengeaunce ſower.

IACKE.

It ſcours the better, ſyr boy, geue me my rayſour.

VVYLL. Here at hand ſyr.

GRIMME

GRIMME.

Gods aymes, tis a chopping knyfe, tis no Rayſour.

IACKE.

It is a Rayſour and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palarrime, it coſte mæ. rr. crownes alone
Your eyes daſſell after your waſhing, theſe ſpectacles put on:
Now vew this Rayſour, tell me, is it not a good one:

GRIMME

They be gay Barnikels, yet I ſæ neuer the better.

IACKE.

In dæde, they be a young ſight, and that is the matter,
But I warrant you, this Rayſour is very eaſie.

GRIMME.

Go to then, ſince you begonne, do as pleaſe ye.

IACKE.

Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME.

O your Rayſour doth hurt my lippe.

IACKE.

No, it ſcrapeth of a pimpell, to eaſe you of the Pippe,
I haue done now, how ſay you: are you not well:

GRIMME.

Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

IACKE.

Will you ſinge after your ſhauinge:

GRIMME.

Pas content, but chill be polde firſt or I ſinge.

IACKE.

Nay that ſhall not næde, you are pould neare enough for this time.

GRIMME.

Go to then luſtyly, I wyll ſinge in my mans voyce,
Chaue a troublinge baſe buſſe.

IACKE.

You are like to beare the bobbe, for wæ wyll geue it,
Set out your buſſyng baſe, and wæ wyll quiddell vpon it.

GRIMME ſingeth Buſſe.

IACKE ſinges,

Tonidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL ſinges.

To nidden, and todle todle do nidden,
Is not Grimme the Colier moſt finely ſhauen.

GRIMME.

GRIMME.

Why my fellowes tolnke Iche am a cowe, that you make ſuch toying.

IACKE.

Nay by'r lady, you are no cow by your ſinging,
Yet your wyfe tolde me you were an Ore.

GRIMME.

Did ſhe ſo? tis a peſtens quene ſhe is full of ſuch mockes,
But go to, let vs ſinge out our ſonge merely.
The Songe at the ſhauing of the Collier.

IACKE.

Such'e Barbers God ſend you at all times of nede.

VVYLL.

That can dreſſe you finely, and make ſuch quicke ſpede.

IACKE.

Your face like an Incorne, new ſhineth ſo gay,

VVYLL.

That I with your Noſtrels of force muſt nedes play,
With to nidden, and to nidden.

IACKE.

With to nidden, and todle todle do nidden,
Is not Grimme the Collier moſt finely ſhauen.

VVYLL.

With ſhauing you ſhine lyke a peſtle of Porke:

IACKE.

Here is the trimmeſt Hogges fleſh from London to Porke.

VVYLL.

It woulde be trimme Baken to hange vp a while,

IACKE.

To play with this Hogline, of force I muſt ſmyle,
With to nidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL. With to nidden, and todle &c.

GRIMME.

Your ſhauing doth pleaſe me, I am now your debter.

VVYLL,

Your wife now wyll buſſe you, becauſe you are ſweater.

GRIMME.

Neare would I be poled, as neare as I am ſhauen.

VVYLL.

Then out of your Jerkin nedes muſt you be ſhaken.
With to nidden, and to nidden, &c.

GRIMME.

It is a trimme thinge to be waſht in the Courte.

VVYLL.

Their handes are ſo fine that they neuer do hurte.

GRIMME.

Ye thinke ich am lighter then euer ich was.

VVYLL.

Our ſhauinge in the Courte hath brought this to paſſe.

With to nidden, and to nidden.

IACKE.

With to nidden and toole toole do nidden.

Is not Grimme the Collier moſt finely ſhauen. Finis.

GRIMME.

This is trimly done, now chill pitche my coles not farre henſe,
And then at the Tauerne chil beſtowe whole tway pence.

IACKE.

Farewell cocke, before the Collier againe do vs ſeeke,
Let vs into the Courte to parte the ſpoyle, ſhare and ſhare like, EXIT
VVYLL Away then.

Here entreth GRIMME.

But alas, where ſhall I make my mone?
My Pouche, my Venters and all is gone,
Wher is that villayne that dyd me ſhaue?
Hath robbed me alas of all that I haue.

Here entreth Snap.

Who crieth ſo at the Courte gate.

GRIMME

I, the poore Collier, that was robbed of late.

SNAP Who robbed thée?

GRIMME.

Two of the Porters men that dyd ſhaue me.

SNAP.

Why? the Porters men are no Barbers?

GRIMME.

A vengance take them they are quicke caruers.

SNAP. What ſtature weare they of?

GRIMME.

As little dapper knaues as they trimly could ſcoffe.

SNAP.

They were Lackeyes, as neare as I can geſſe them.

GRIMME.

Such Lackies make me lacke an halter beſwenge them,
Cham vndon they haue my Venters tw.

SNAP.

Wel

Doeſt thou know them if thou ſeeſt them?

GRIMME.

Yea that I do?

SNAP.

Then come with me, we wyll finde them out and that quickly.

GRIMME.

I folow maſt Lipſtafe, they be in the Courte it is likely.

SNAP.

Then crie no more, come away. EXEVNT.

Here entreth Cariſophus, and Ariſtippus.

If euer you wyll ſhew your friendſhip, now is the time,
Seing the king is diſpleaſed with me, of my parte without any crime.

ARISTIP.

It ſhould appeare it comes of ſome euell behauiour,
That you ſo ſodenly are caſt out of fauour.

CARISOPH.

Nothing haue I done but this in talke I ouerthwarted Eubulus.
When he lamented Pithias caſe to Kinge Dionyſius,
Which to morow ſhall die, but for that falſe knaue Damon:
He hath left his friend in the byers and now is gone.
We grew ſo hot in talke, that Eubulus proteſted playnely,
Which held his eare open to paraſiticall flattery.
And now in the Kinges eare like a bell he ringes,
Crying that flatterers haue ben the deſtroyers of kinges:
Which talke in Dionyſius harte hath made ſo deepe impreſſion,
That he truſteth me not as heretofore in no condition:
And ſome wordes brake from him as though that hee,
Began to ſuſpect my trouth and honeſtie:
Which you of friendſhip I know wyll defend, how ſo euer the world (goeth,
My frind for my honeſtie, wyll you not take an othe.

ARISTIP.

To ſweare for your honeſtie, I ſhould loſe mine owne.

CARISOPH

Should you ſo in deede? I would that were knowne,
Is your boyde friendſhip come thus to paſſe.

ARISTIP.

I folow the prouerbe: Amicus Vſque ad aras.

CARISOPHVS.

Where can you ſay I euer loſt mine honeſtie.

ARISTIPPVS.

You neuer loſt it, for you neuer had it, as farre as I know.

CARISOPH.

CARISOPHVS.

May you ſo friend Ariſtippus whom I truſt ſo well?

ARISTIPPVS.

Becauſe you truſt me, to you the truth I tell.

CARISOPH.

Will you not ſtretche one poynt, to bringe me in fauour agayne?

ARISTIP.

I loue no ſtretching, ſo may I bæde myne owne payne.

CARISOPH.

A friende ought to ſhonne no payne, to ſtand his friend in ſtead.

ARISTIP.

Where true friendſhip is, it is ſo in very dæde.

CARISOPH.

Why ſir? hath not the chaine of true friendſhip, linked vs two together?

ARISTIP.

The cheifeſt linke lacked therof, it muſt nædes deſeuer.

CARISOPH.

What linke is that? faine would I know.

ARISTIP. Honeſtie.

CARISOPH.

Doth honeſtie knit the perfect knot in true friendſhip,

ARISTIP.

Yea truly, and that knot ſo knit will neuer ſlippe.

CARISOPH.

Belike then there is no frindſhip but betwæne honeſt men.

ARISTSIP.

Betwæne the honeſt only, for Amicitia inter bonus: ſaith a learned man.

CARISOPH.

Yet euell men vſe frindſhip in thinges vnhoneſt, wher fancy doth ſerue.

ARISTIP.

That is no frindſhip, but a lewde liking, it laſtes but a while.

CARISOPH.

What is the perfecſt frindſhip among men that euer grew?

ARISTIP.

Where men loued one another, not for profit but for vertue.

CARISOPH.

Are ſuch frindes both alike in ioy and alſo in ſmarte?

ARISTIP.

They muſt nædes, for in two bodies they haue but one harte.

CARISOPH.

Friend Ariſtippus, deceaue me not with Sophiſtrie,
Is there no perfect frindſhip, but where is vertue and honeſtie?

ARISTIP.

ARISTIPPVS

What a Deuell then went Carisophus,
To ioyne in frindship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is asmuch vertue, trueth and honestie,
As there are true fethers in the thrée Craines of the ventrie:
Yet these fethers haue the shadow of liuely feathers the truth to scan.
But Carisophus, hath not the shadowe of an honest man,
To be playne, because I know thy villany:
In abusinge Dionisius, to many mens iniury:
Under the cloke of frindship, I playd with his head,
And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might be lead,
My frindship thou soughtest for thine owne commoditie,
As worldly men do by profite measuring amitie:
Which I perceauing, to the lyke my selfe I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed:
If you aske me Quare. I answere, Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare.
To speake more playner, as the prouerbe doth go,
In faith Carisophus, Cum cretence cretiso:
Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to thée in one thing,
I do not dessemble, now I say I will not speake for thée to the king,
Therfore sinke in thy sorrow, I do not deceaue thée,
A false knaue I found thée, a false knaue I leaue thée. EXIT.

CARISOPHVS.

He is gone: is this frindship to leaue his frend in the plaine field thus?
Well I sée now, I my selfe haue beguyled,
In matching with that false fox in amitie:
Which hath me vsed to his owne commoditie.
Which séing me in distresse, vnfainedly goes his wayes,
Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a dayes:
Which kinde of frindship toward him I vsed secretly:
And he with me the like, hath requited me craftily.
It is the Gods iudgement, I sée it playnely,
For all the world may know, Incide in foueam quam feci.
Well I must content my selfe none other helps I know:
Untill a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe: EXIT.

EVBVLVS.

Who deals with Kinges in matters of great waight,
When froward will, doth beare the cheefest sway:
Must yeld of force, their néede no subtle deuise:
No paynted speach the matter to conuay,
No prayer can moue, when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

This

This thinge I proue in Pithias wofull caſe,
Whoſe hauny hap with teares I do lament:
The day is come when he in Damons place,
Muſt loſe his life the time is fully ſpent:
Nought can my wordes now with the kinge preuaile,
Againſt the wind and ſtriuinge ſtreame I ſayle:
For die thou muſt alas thou ſely Gréke,
Ah Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:
A perfect friend none ſuch a world to ſéke.
Though bitter death ſhall geue thée ſauce full ſower:
Yet for thy faith enrold ſhall be thy name,
Among the Gods within the booke of fame:
Who knoweth his caſe, and wyll not melt in teares?
His giltles blod ſhall trickle downe anon.

Then the Muſes ſinge.

Alas what happe haſt thou poore Pithias now to die,
Who worth the which man for his death hath geuen vs cauſe to crie.

EVBVLVS.

Me thinks I heare with yelow rented heares,
The Muſes frame their notes my ſtate to mone:
Among which ſorte as one that moorneth with harte,
In dolefull tunes, my ſelfe wyll beare a parte.

MVSES.

Who worth the man which for his death. &c.

EVBVLVS.

With yelow rented heares come on you Muſes nine,
Fyll now my breaſt with heauy tunes, to me your plaints reſigne:
For Pithias I bewayle which preſently muſt die,
Who worth the man which for his death hath geuen vs cauſe. &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man which for his. &c.

EVBVLVS.

Was euer ſuch a man that would die for his friend,
I thinke euen from the heauens a boue, the Gods did him downe ſend
To ſhew true friendſhipps power, which forſt thée now to die,
Who worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man. &c.

EVBVLVS.

What Tigars whelp was he, that Damon dyd accuſe?
What faith haſt thou, which for thy friend, thy death doth not refuſe
O heauy happe haſt thou to play this Tragidie,

Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

Thou young and worthy Greeke, that showest such perfect loue,
The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue:
Thy death we shall lament with many a weepinge eye,
Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man which for thy death,
hath geuen vs cause to crie.

FINIS.

EVBVLVS.

ETernall be your fame ye Muses, for that in miserie,
Ye did vouchsafe to straine your notes to walke:
My harte is rent in two, with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionisius mouth, to se this place,
At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.
Néede hath no lawe: wyl I or nill I, it must be done,
But loe the bloody minister, is euen here at hande.
Gronno, I came hether now to vnderstand,
If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias,
The kinge him selfe wyll se it done here in this place.

GRONNO.

Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is ỹ hand, here is the (swoꝛd.
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a woꝛde,
If he were present, I coulde finely strike of,
You may repoꝛte that all thinges are ready.

EVBVLVS.

I go with an heauy harte to repoꝛt it, ah wofull Pithias:
Full neare now is thy misery.

GRONO.

I maruell very much, vnder what constellation,
All hangmen are boꝛne for they are hated of all, beloued of none:
Which hatred is showed by this poynt euidently,
The hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the Cities:
That such spight should be, I know no cause why,
Vnlesse it be for their offices sake, which is cruell and bloudy:
Yet some men must do it to execute lawes:
We thinke they hate me without any iust cause:

But I

But I muſt loke to my toyle, Pithias muſt loſe his head at one blow,
Els the Boyes wyll ſtone me to death in the ſtreat as I go:
But harke, the priſoner cometh, and the kinge alſo,
I ſee there is no help, Pithias his life muſt forgo.

Here entreth Dionyſius and Eubulus.

Bring forth Pithias that pleaſant companion,
Which toke me at my worde and became pleadge for Damon:
It pricketh faſt vpon none, I dw him no iniurie,
If now he loſe his head for ſo he requeſted me.
If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full mery:
Therfore ſhall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,
He thought belike, if Damon were out of the Citie,
I would not put him to death, for ſome rolliſhe pitie:
But ſeing it was his requeſt, I wyll not be mockt he ſhall die,
Bring him forth.

Here entreth Snap.

Geue place, let the priſoner come by, geue place.

DIONISIVS.

How ſay you ſir? wher is Damon your truſtie friend?
You haue playd a wiſe part I make God a vow,
You knw what time a day it is, make you ready.

PITHIAS.

Moſt ready I am mightie king and moſt ready alſo,
For my true frinde Damon this lyfe to forgo,
Euen at your pleaſure.

DIONISIVS.

A true frend, a falſe Traytor that ſo breaketh his oth,
Thou ſhalt loſe thy life, though thou be neuer ſo loth.

PITHIAS.

I am not loth to dw what ſo euer I ſayde,
Me at this preſent pinch of death am I diſmayde:
The Gods now I knw, haue heard my feruent prayer,
That they haue reſerued me to this paſſynge great honour,
To die for my frind, whoſe faith, euen now, I dw not miſtruſte:
My frinde Damon is no falſe traytour, he is true and iuſte:
But ſith he is no God but a man, he muſt dw as he may,
The winde may be contrary, ſickne may let him, or ſom miſaduẽture
Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie, (by the way,
That Fame may reſound how Pithias for Damon did die:
He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,
His minde is heare, he hath ſome let, he is but a man.
That he might not retourne, of all the Gods I did require,

Which

Which now to my ioy, doth graunt my deſire:
But why do I ſtay any longer, ſeing that one mans death,
May ſuffiſe O king, to pacifie thy wrath?
O thou miniſter of iuſtice, do thyne office by and by,
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die:
Stephano the right patrone, of true fidelitie,
Commend me to thy maſter my ſweet Damon, & of him craue libertie:
When I am dead in my name, for thy truſtie ſeruices,
Hath well deſerued a gift farre better then this,
Oh my Damon farewell now for euer, a true friend to me moſt deare:
Whyles lyfe doth laſte, my mouth ſhall ſtyll talke of thee,
And when I am dead my ſimple ghoſt true witnes of amitie:
Shall houer about the place whereſoeuer thou bee,

DIONISIVS.

Eubulus, This geare is ſtraunge, and yet becauſe,
Damon hath laid his faith, Pithias ſhall haue the lawe:
Gronno, diſpoyle hym, and eke diſpatch him quickly.

GRONNO.

It ſhal be done: ſince you came into this place,
I might haue ſtroken of ſeauen heads in this ſpace:
Ber lady here are good garments, theſe are myne by the rode,
It is an euyll wynde that bloweth no man good:
Now Pithias kneele downe, aſke me bleſſyng like a prettie boy,
And with a triſe thy head from thy ſhoulders I wyll conuay.

Here entreth Damon running & ſtayes the ſword.

Stay, ſtay, ſtay, for the kinges aduantage ſtay,
O mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully paſt,
Within the compaſſe of myne houre loe, here, I come at laſt:
A life I owe, a life I wyll you pay:
Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my conſtant friende,
Ah wo is me for Damons ſake, how neare were thou to thy ende:
Geue place to me, this rowme is myne, on this ſtage muſt I play,
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dioniſius his blood to pay.

GRONNO.

Are you come ſir: you might haue taried if you had bene wyſe,
For your haſtie comming you are lyke to know the priſe.

PITHIAS.

O thou cruell miniſter, why didſt not thou thine office,
Did not I bidde thee make haſt in any wyſe?
Haſt thou ſpared to kill me once that I may die twyſe:
Not to die for my friend, is preſent death to me, and alas,
Shall I ſee my ſweet Damon, ſlaine before my face:

What double death is this? but O mightie Dionisius,
Do true iustice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus:
Let mée haue no wrong, as now standes the case,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misaduenture, not by his will, his howre is past, therfore I
Because he came not at his iust tyme, ought iustly to die:
So was my promise, so was thy promise O kynge,
All this Court can beare witnesse of this thinge.

DAMON.

Not so, O mightie kynge, to Iustice it is contrarie,
That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent should die:
Ne yet is my time playnly expirde, it is not fully nowe,
Of this my day appointed, by all the Clockes in the Towne.

PITHIAS.

Beléeue no Clocke, the houre is past by the Sonne.

DAMON.

Ah my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of Amitie?
Will you now ouerthwart mée, whiche heretofore so well did agrée.

PITHIAS.

Why Damon, the Goddes forbid, but wée should agrée,
Therfore agrée to this, let mée performe the promise I made for thée
Let mée die for thee, do mée not that iniurie,
Both to breake my promise, and to suffre mée to sée thée die
Whome so dearly I loue: this small request graunt mée,
I shall neuer aske thée more, my desire is but frindly:
Do me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

DAMON.

That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie,
yet fame shall neuer touch me with such a villanie:
To reporte that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias, for him giltles to die,
Therfore content thy selfe, the Gods requite thy constant faith,
None but Damons bloud can appease Dionisius wrath:
And now O mightie kinge, to you my talke I conuay,
Because you gaue me leaue, my worldly thinges to say:
To requite that good turne ere I die, for your behalfe this I say,
Although your Regall state, dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a kinge in worldly wealth, abondantly ye floe:
yet fickle is the ground whereon all Tirrants treade,
A thousand sundrie cares and feares, do haunt their restles head:
No trustie band, no faithfull friendes do garde thy hatefull state,
And why? whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them they deadly hate.

That

That you may ſafely raigne, by loue get friends, whoſe conſtant faith
Wyll neuer fayle, this counſell geues poore Damon at his death:
Friendes are the ſureſt garde, for Kinges golden time do wear away,
And other precious thinges do fade, frindſhip wyll neuer decay:
Haue friendes in foreine therfore, ſo ſhall you ſafely ſleape,
Haue friendes at home of forraine foes, ſo néede you take no kéepe:
Abandon flatring tounges, whoſe clackes truth neuer tels,
Abaſe the yll, aduance the good, in whome dame vertue dwels:
Let them your play fellowes be, but O you earthly kinges,
Your ſure defence and ſtrongeſt garde, ſtandes chiefely in faithfull frieds
Then get you friends by liberall déedes, and here I make an ende,
Accept this counſell mightie Kinge of Damon Pithias friende:
Oh my Pithias, now farewel for euer, let me kiſſe thée or I die,
My ſoule ſhall honour thée, thy conſtant faith aboue the heaueus ſhall
Come Gronno do thine office now, why is thy colour ſo dead? (flie
My neck is ſo is ſhort, that thou wylt neuer haue honeſtie in ſtriking of (this head

DIONISIVS.

Eubulus, my ſpirites are ſodenly appalled, my limes ware weake,
This ſtraunge friendſhip amaſeth me ſo, that I can ſcarſe ſpeake.

PITHIAS.

O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble harte méene,
You require but one mans death, take Pithias, let Damon liue.

EVBVLVS.

O vnſpeakeable frindſhip.

DAMON.

Not ſo, he hath not offended, there is no cauſe why:
My conſtant frind my Pithias, for Damons ſake ſhould die:
Alas he is but young, he may do good to many,
Thou coward miniſter, why doeſt thou not let me die?

GRONNO.

My hand with ſoden feare quiuereth.

PITHIAS.

O noble kinge, ſhewe mercy on Damon, let pithias die,

DIONISIVS.

Stay Gronno, my fleſh trembleth, Eubulus, what ſhall I do?
Were there euer ſuch frindes on earth as were theſe two?
What harte is ſo cruell that would deuide them aſunder?
O noble friendſhip, I muſt yeld, at thy force I wonder:
My hart, this rare frindſhip hath pearſt to the rote,
And quenched all my fury, this ſight hath brought this aboute:
Which thy graue counſell Eubulus, and learned perſwaſion could
neuer do:

O noble gentlemen, the immortall Gods aboue,
Hath made you play this Tragidie, I thinke for my behoue:
Before this day I neuer knew what perfect friendshipment,
My cruell mind to bloudy dædes, was full and wholy bente:
My fearefull life, I thought with terrour to defende,
But now I see there is no garde vnto a faithfull friend:
Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present nede,
O happie kinges within your courtes haue two such frends in dede:
I honour friendshipp now, which that you may playnly see,
Damon, haue thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee:
For which good tourne, I craue this honour do me lend:
Oh frindly harte: let me linke with you, to you make me ỹ third frēde
My courte is yours, dwell here with mee, by my commission large,
My selfe, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge:
Make me a thirde friend, more shall I ioye in that thing,
Then to be called as I am, Dionisius the mightie kinge.

DAMON.

O mightie king, first for my lyfe most humble thankes I geue,
And next, I prayse the immortall Gods, that did your harte so meue
That you would haue respect to friendshipps heauenly loze,
Forseing wel, he need not feare which hath true frēds in store (societie
For my part, most noble king, as a third frend, welcom to our friendly
But you must forget you ar a king, for frindshipp stands in trew equalitie

DIONISIVS.

Unequall though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed conditions:
Tirranie, flatterie, oppression, loe, hear I cast away:
Iustice, truth, loue, frindshipp shall be my toy:
True friendshipp wyl I honour vnto my liues end,
My greatest glorie shalbe, to be counted a perfect friende.

PITHIAS.

For this your dæde most noble King, the Gods aduance your name
And since to friendshipps loze, you list your Princely harte to frame:
With toyfull harte, O Kinge, most welcome now to me,
With you wyll I knit the perfect knot of amitie:
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mighty force and eke the ioyful end:
And how that kinges do stand vpon a fickle ground,
Within whose Realme at time of nēd, no faithfull friends are founde

DIONISIVS.

Your instruction wyll I follow, to you my selfe I do commite,
Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparell fitte:

For

For my new frindes.

EVBVLVS.

I go with a ioyfull hart, O happie day. EXIT

GRONNO.

I am glad to heare this word, though their liues they do not lése,
It is no reason the Hangman should lose his fées:
These are mine, I am gone with a trise. EXIT

Here entreth EVBVLVS with new garmentes.

DIONISIVS.

Put on these Garmentes now, go in with mée the Iewelles of my
DAMON and PITHIAS. (Court.

We go with ioyfull harts.

STEPHANO.

Oh Damon my deare maister, in all this ioy remember me.

DIONISIVS.

My friend Damon he asketh reason? Dam. Pithias.

DAMON.

Stephano, for thy good seruice, be thou frée. EXEVNT. DION

STEPHANO.

O most happie, pleasant, ioyfull, and triumphant day,
Now Stephano, now shall liue in contintinuall ioy:
VIVE LE ROY with Damon and pithias in perfect amitie,
VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleasant liberalitie:
Wherein I ioy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,
I am a frée man, none so mery as I now vnder the Sonne:
Farewell my Lords, now ỹ Gods graunt you al ỹ fom of perfect amitie
And me longe to enioy my longe desired libertie. EXIT.

Heare entreth EVBVLVS beatyng CARISOPHVS.

Away villaine, away yon flatringe Parasite,
Away the plague of this Courte, thy filed tongue that forged lies,
No more here shall do hurt, away false Sicophant, wilt thou not?

CARISOPHVS.

I am gone sir, seing it is the kinges pleasure,
Why whyp ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias since they
I am driue to seke reliefe abrod alas I know not whither, (came hither
Yet Eubulus, though I begone, here after time shall trie,
There shall be found euen in this Court as great flatterers as I:
Well for a while I will forgo the Court, though to my great payne,

I doubt

I doubt not but to ſpie a time when I may crẽpe in againe. EXIT.

EVBVLVS.

The Serpent that eates men aliue, Flattery with all her brode,
Is whipte away in Princes Courtes whiche yet did neuer good,
Whatforce: what mighty power, true Friendſhip may poſſeſſe:
To all the worlde Dionyſius Courte now playnly doth expreſſe,
Who ſince to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willyng eare,
Moſt ſafely ſitteth in his Seate and ſleepes deuoid of feare,
Pourged is the Court of vice, ſince Friendſhip entred in,
Tirrannie quailes, he ſtudieth now with loue eche hart to win,
Vertue is had in price, and hath his iuſt rewarde:
And painted ſpeache that gloſeth for gayne, from gifts is quite debard,
One loueth another now for vertue, not for gayne,
Where Vertue doth not knit the knot, there Friendſhip cannot raigne,
Without the whiche, no houſe, no land, ne kingdome can endure,
As neceſſarie for mans lyfe, as Water, Ayre, and Fier,
Which frameth the minde of man, all honeſt thinges to do,
Unhoneſt thinges Friendſhippe ne craueth, ne yet conſents therto,
In wealth a double ioye, in woe a preſent ſtay,
A ſweete compagnion in eche ſtate true Friendſhip is alway:
A ſure defence for Kinges, a perfecte truſtie bande,
A force to aſſayle, a Shield to defende thé enemies cruell hande,
A rare, and yet the greateſt Gifte, that God can geue to man:
So rare, ẏ ſcarce foure couple of faithfull frends haue ben ſince ẏ worlde began
A Gift ſo ſtrange, & of ſuch price, I wiſh all Kyngs to haue,
But chiefely yet as duetie bindeth I humbly craue,
True friendſhip, and true friendes full fraught with conſtant faith,
The geuer of friends, the Lord grant her moſt noble Quéne Elizabeth.

FINIS.

¶ The laſt ſonge.

The ſtrongeſt garde that Kynges can haue,
Are conſtant friends their ſtate to ſaue:
True friendes are conſtant, both in woꝛd and deede,
True friendes are pꝛeſent, and help at each neede:
True friendes talke truly, they gloſe foꝛ no gayne,
when treaſure conſumeth, true frindes wyll remayne,
True frindes foꝛ their tru Pꝛince, refuſeth not their death
The Loꝛde graunt her ſuch frindes moſt noble Queene
(Elizabeth.

¶ Longe may ſhe gouerne in honour and wealth,
Voyde of all ſickeneſſe, in moſt perfect health:
which healthy to pꝛolonge, as true friends require,
God graunt ſhe may haue her owne hartes deſire:
which friendes wyll defend with moſt ſtedfaſt faith,
The Loꝛde graunt her ſuch friendes moſt noble Queene
(Elizabeth.

¶ FINIS.